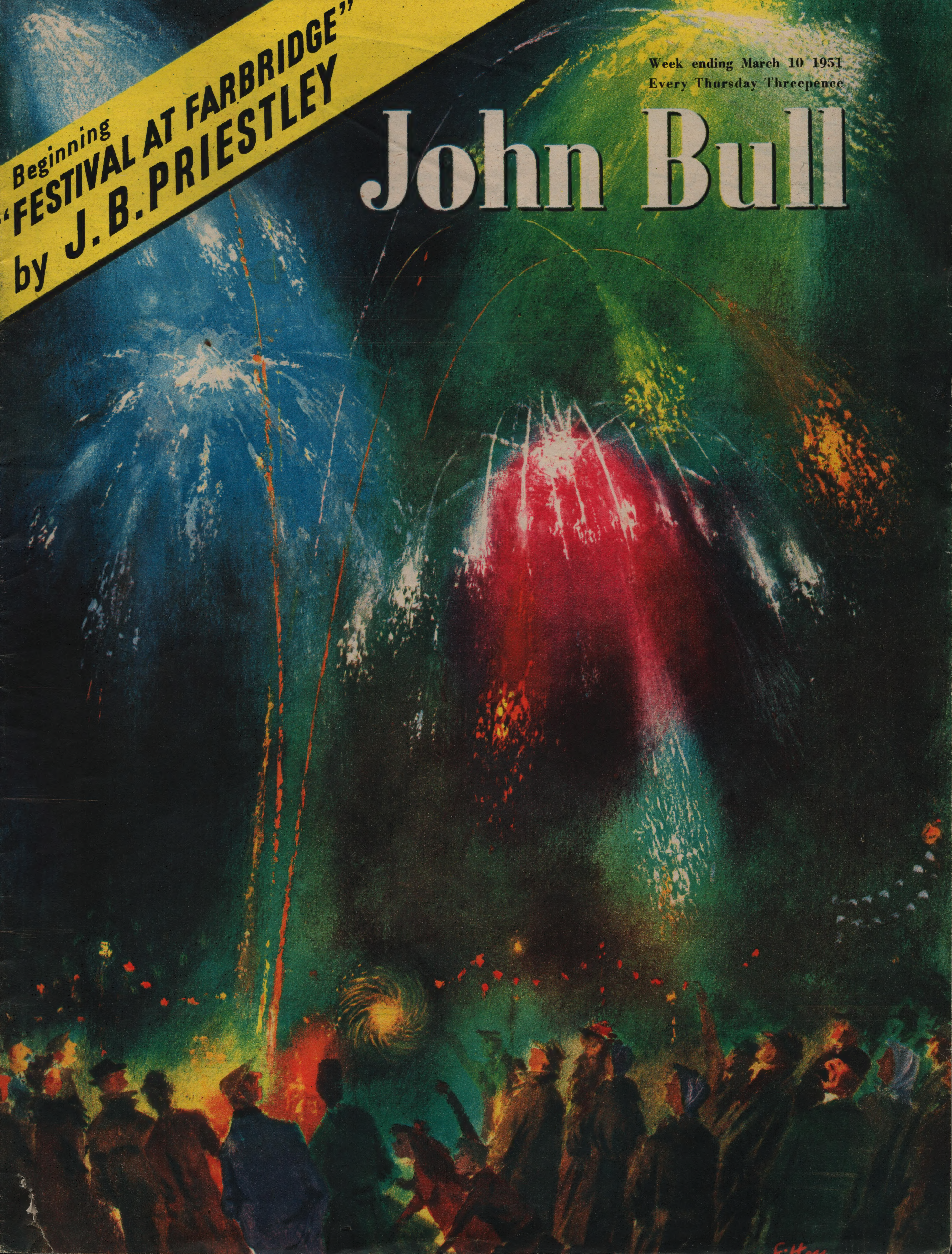
Beginning
"FESTIVAL AT FARBRIDGE"
by J. B. PRIESTLEY

Week ending March 10 1951
Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull



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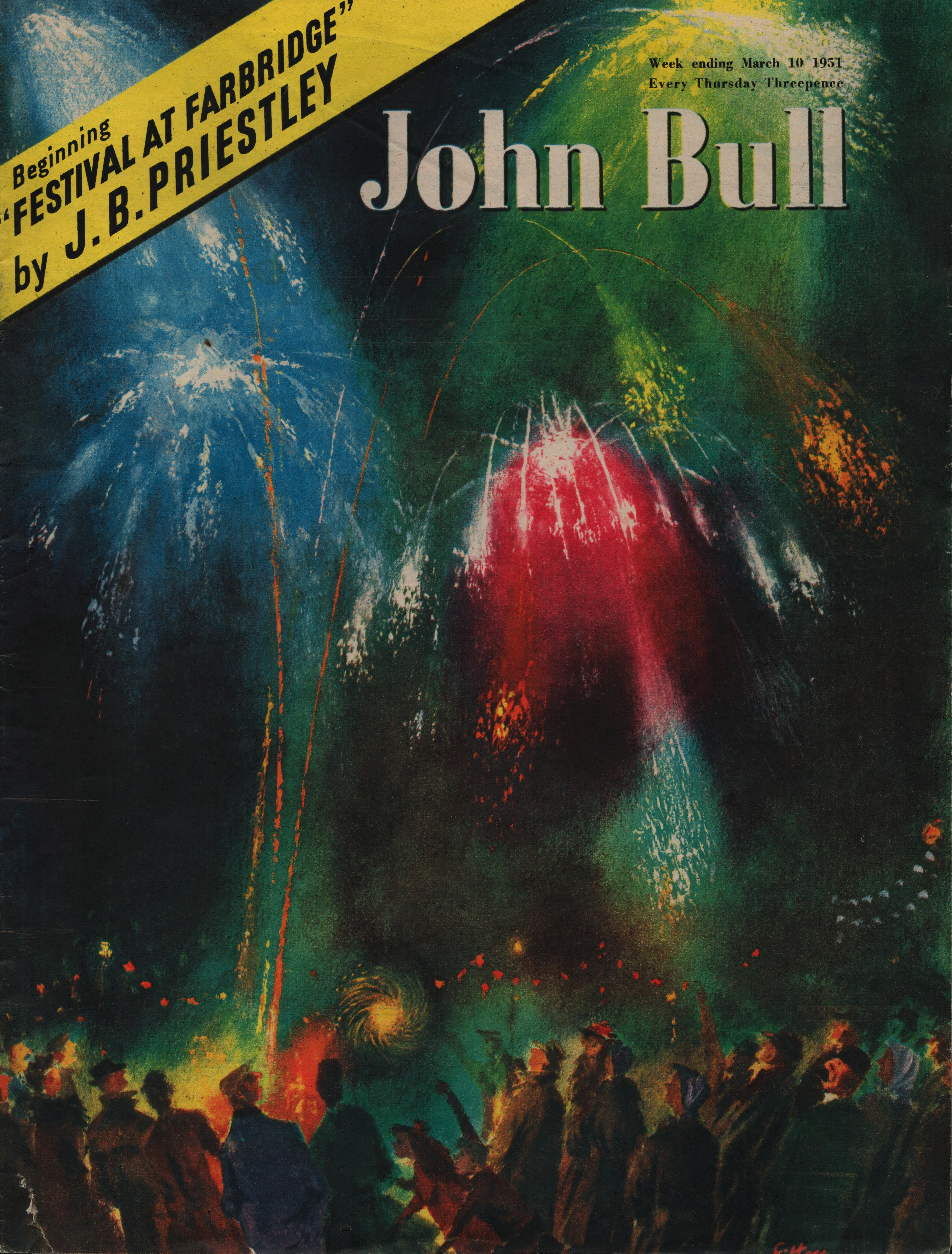
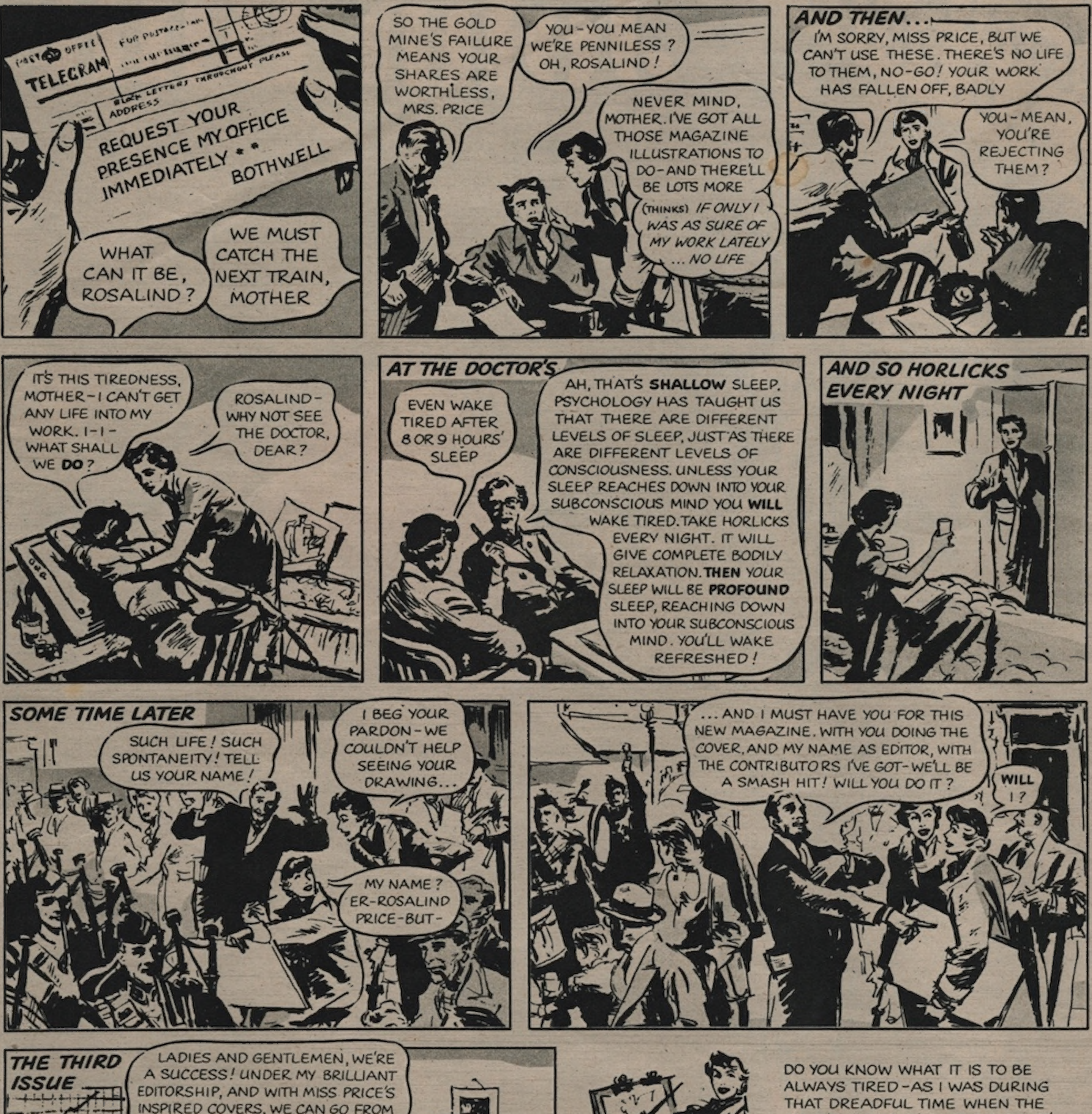
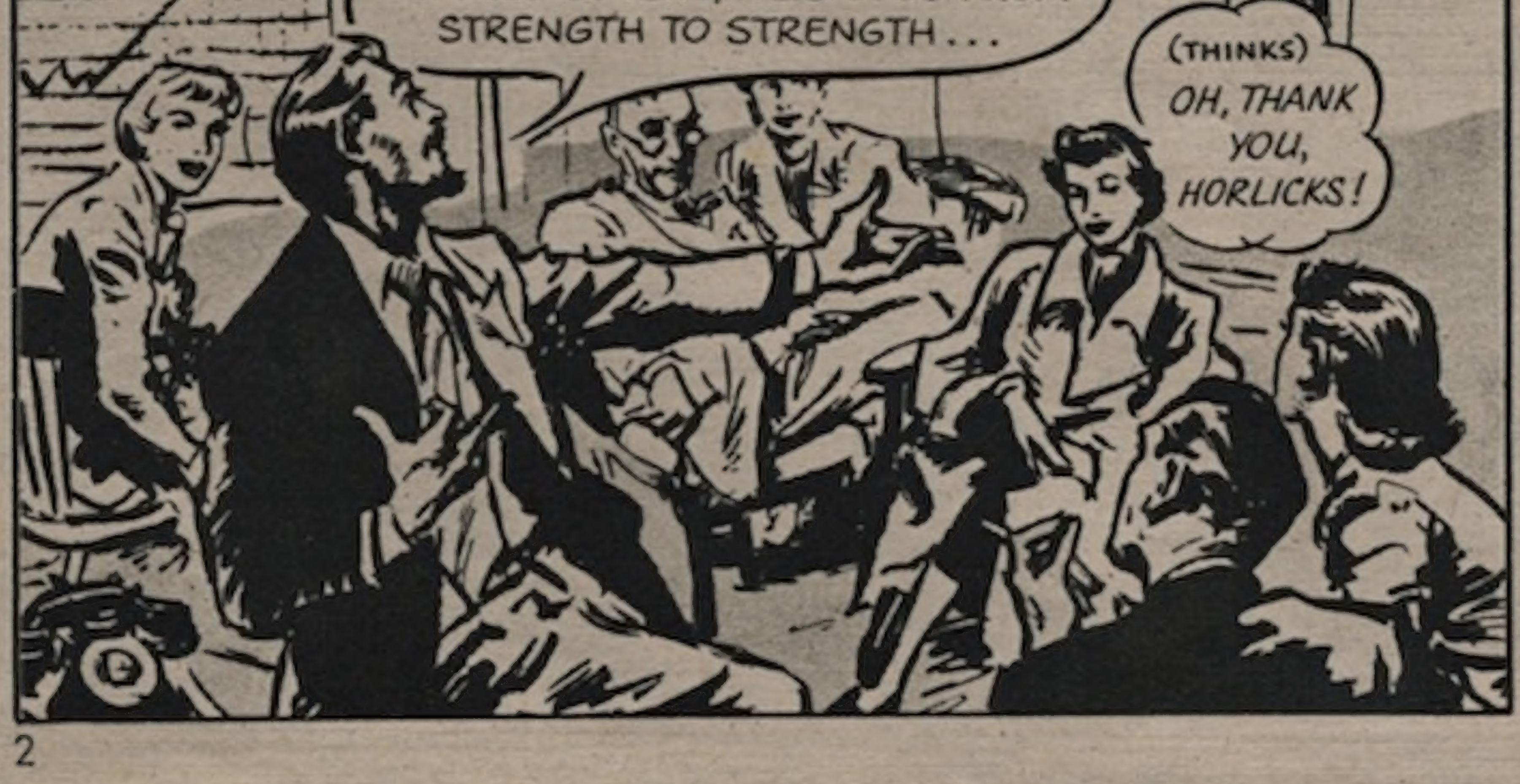


Cover girl makes good . . .


TELEGRAM
REQUEST YOUR PRESENCE MY OFFICE IMMEDIATELY * * BOTHWELL
WHAT CAN IT BE, ROSALIND?
WE MUST CATCH THE NEXT TRAIN, MOTHER
SO THE GOLD MINE'S FAILURE MEANS YOUR SHARES ARE WORTHLESS, MRS. PRICE
YOU-YOU MEAN WE'RE PENNILESS? OH, ROSALIND!
NEVER MIND, MOTHER. I'VE GOT ALL THOSE MAGAZINE ILLUSTRATIONS TO DO-AND THERE'LL BE LOTS MORE
(THINKS) IF ONLY I WAS AS SURE OF MY WORK LATELY ... NO LIFE
AND THEN...
I'M SORRY, MISS PRICE, BUT WE CAN'T USE THESE. THERE'S NO LIFE TO THEM, NO-GO! YOUR WORK HAS FALLEN OFF, BADLY
YOU-MEAN, YOU'RE REJECTING THEM?
IT'S THIS TIREDNESS, MOTHER-I CAN'T GET ANY LIFE INTO MY WORK. I-I-WHAT SHALL WE DO?
ROSALIND-WHY NOT SEE THE DOCTOR, DEAR?
AT THE DOCTOR'S
EVEN WAKE TIRED AFTER 8 OR 9 HOURS' SLEEP
AH, THAT'S SHALLOW SLEEP. PSYCHOLOGY HAS TAUGHT US THAT THERE ARE DIFFERENT LEVELS OF SLEEP, JUST AS THERE ARE DIFFERENT LEVELS OF CONSCIOUSNESS. UNLESS YOUR SLEEP REACHES DOWN INTO YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS MIND YOU WILL WAKE TIRED. TAKE HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT. IT WILL GIVE COMPLETE BODILY RELAXATION. THEN YOUR SLEEP WILL BE PROFOUND SLEEP, REACHING DOWN INTO YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS MIND. YOU'LL WAKE REFRESHED!
AND SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT
SOME TIME LATER
SUCH LIFE! SUCH SPONTANEITY! TELL US YOUR NAME!
I BEG YOUR PARDON-WE COULDN'T HELP SEEING YOUR DRAWING...
MY NAME? ER-ROSALIND PRICE-BUT-
... AND I MUST HAVE YOU FOR THIS NEW MAGAZINE. WITH YOU DOING THE COVER, AND MY NAME AS EDITOR, WITH THE CONTRIBUTORS I'VE GOT-WE'LL BE A SMASH HIT! WILL YOU DO IT?
WILL I?


THE THIRD ISSUE
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE'RE A SUCCESS! UNDER MY BRILLIANT EDITORSHIP, AND WITH MISS PRICE'S INSPIRED COVERS, WE CAN GO FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH ...
(THINKS) OH, THANK YOU, HORLICKS!

DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS TO BE ALWAYS TIRED-AS I WAS DURING THAT DREADFUL TIME WHEN THE MINE FAILED? IT'S NOT PLEASANT! MY WORK FELL OFF-I WAS DESPERATE. BUT THE DOCTOR TOLD ME ABOUT THE VALUE OF HORLICKS IN HELPING WITH PROFOUND SLEEP THAT REACHES DOWN INTO YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS MIND. HORLICKS MADE ALL THE DIFFERENCE TO ME! I'M A REAL HORLICKS FAN NOW

HORLICKS

JB

EDITORIAL

Why Germany must play a part in defending Europe

TODAY'S VIOLENT controversy over German rearmament is a natural reaction. Repugnance to the idea of putting new weapons into the hands of the aggressors of two world wars was to be expected. But there is little time to argue the point: the facts are clear enough and have to be faced, however little we may like them.

Sooner or later, the Allies who won the last war would have had to "take the lid off" Germany.

They would have had to let her develop again as a powerful industrial nation, and eventually to raise their ban on her manufacture and possession of arms. They would have had to do this in spite of their memories of German militarism.

The date of Germany's reinstatement or "release" has been hurried forward simply by the struggle against Communist aggression.

And in their attitude to Germany today, the Atlantic Powers are thinking, of course, of Western Germany as she is now organized in a Federal Republic. The Russian-occupied half of Germany is written off in their political calculations, because no one seriously expects that the Russians will evacuate it.

But Eastern Germany *does* enter our military calculations, and it provides one of the strongest practical arguments for rearming the Western Republic. The grim fact is that the Russians have already rearmed their own zone.

So people who still recoil with alarm from the prospect of Hitler's former soldiers in uniform again must remember that the Kremlin has shown no such scruples.

WHILE we of the West are arguing about whether there shall be any German soldiers, and if so, how many, the Soviet goes ahead and trains a powerful German army on her side of the Iron Curtain.

That should be the acknowledged background of all our plans and discussions.

In those discussions there are three main points of view.

The Americans—and this does not include the Hoover isolationists, who would simply write off Europe—take what they consider to be the realistic view that if our first line of defence against Communism is in Germany, it must be partly manned by Germans.

The British Government's view is that we must "accept the principle of a German contribution to an integrated European force within the Atlantic Treaty Organization"—in other words, that German rearmament shall take place, but that it shall be very limited and strictly controlled, both by the victors of the last war and by German democracy itself.

The Conservative Party says it would go even further; that the sooner Germany is admitted as an equal partner in Europe's defence the better.

Then there is the French attitude. The French want, above all, to tie the Germans down—even more than they want to defend Europe against the Russians. That is a job they would prefer the Americans and British to do.

These varying viewpoints and motives are often blurred in the news by what are really technical differences over organization. Should German soldiers be grouped in divisions or in smaller formations within mixed divisions? Should they be part of a distinct European Army? Or should the European Army be an integral part of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization?

ALL these are really questions for the military experts, whose job it is to decide how to get the best fighting results from the available material.

The basic question which public opinion in the democracies has to face and answer squarely is: "Shall Germans, in spite of their past actions, again bear arms, this time in defence both of their own country and of Europe generally against the common foe of our civilization?"

Remember Coventry? Remember Rotterdam? Remember Belsen? Of course! But not all Germans were Nazis. And they themselves are apt to say: "Remember Cologne? Remember Berlin? Remember Dresden?"

What both we and the Germans share today is the menace of "bigger" Belsens, Coventrys and Dresdens.

What we face today is a new balance of perils. When it is dispassionately considered it points inexorably to the necessity of new German democratic armed forces. As Mr. Attlee has said: "You cannot leave Germany a vacuum."

He added that it will take a long time to work out the details of Germany's contribution to European defence. But we have not got a long time. Speed is essential, in decision, in organization, and to reassure the Germans themselves, who will otherwise show little enthusiasm for front line soldiering.

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FREE SPEECH

Man who was held in Russian slave camp

Having myself been in a Russian slave camp, I was very interested in Guy Angus's article "A Slave Of Moscow Tells His Story" (John Bull, February 17). I would like to confirm the disclosures of General Gonzales, the witness at the Rousset trial in Paris. I had the misfortune to be condemned to the same slave labour camp as he—that is, to the Vorkuta district in Siberia.

I was only sixteen when I was arrested and thrown into prison for eleven months. Then, with no trial of any kind, I was told I had been condemned to eight years' corrective labour, just because I would not agree with the Stalin regime.

That was early in 1940, when the Russians helped themselves to half of Poland. Nearly 100 of my school friends were arrested at the same time and those who were lucky enough to survive I can count on my fingers.—T. Charytanski, 26 Norwich Street, Cambridge.

Saving For Marriage

My fiancee and I can confirm the comments of the reader on how difficult it is for an engaged couple to set up a home so that they can get married. We have been saving for three years—and I don't mean just cutting down pocket money. I have been cycling eight miles to the office and eight miles back every working day to save thirty-five shillings a month in rail fares. Although my firm has a canteen, I take sandwiches for midday, and have a hot meal at home in the evening. Now, just as our bank balance begins to look fairly substantial, we hear of the rise in furniture prices. Did someone say "hopeless"?—L.. J. Windows, 302 Strone Road, London, E.12.

. . . To read the dirges of present-day young couples, one would think the road to marriage in the good (?) old days was a royal one. Many of us had to wait years before taking the plunge—a pretty chilly one at that.—Ex-Teacher, Pembrokeshire.

English Only?

Travelling between Wimbledon and Earl's Court, London, with a companion who spoke little English, I was conversing in his language. As the train stopped, a man opposite us arose, glared, and interrupted our conversation with: "Hey, you're in England now, chum." Such hostile reactions will give foreign visitors to the Festival of Britain a strange idea of our renowned British politeness.—C. Burrough, 58 Suttons Avenue, Hornchurch, Essex.

A Memo. In Braille

Switchboard work has been open to the blind for years, and we are admirably suited to the work. Yet some employers don't co-operate; they seem to feel that a blind operator would be too much of a responsibility. Most blind people have excellent memories and powers of concentration. Because what goes on around them doesn't distract them, they make good telephonists. I myself have been an operator for nineteen years and until recently most of my customers believed me to be one of the sighted office staff. Often, when a department was unavailable, I took a note in braille, but the staff thought it was in ordinary writing.—Miss M., Glasgow.

The Great Desert Crossing

Captain B. H. Liddell Hart's article, "Blunders That Gave Rommel His Victory" (John Bull, February 17), vividly brought back to me that great race from Derna to Beda Fomm across the Sand Sea—hitherto thought impassable to a mechanized army. We advanced in line abreast—tanks, guns and lorries wheel to wheel. For almost thirty-six hours we slogged over terrain that varied between solid lava rock, open desert and treacherous salt flats. At dawn on the second day we bore down on a Senussi settlement. What a sight we must have been to those lonely desert dwellers as we thundered past—a phalanx of vehicles stretching from horizon to horizon. Their faces were a study of mingled terror and disbelief.

We won the race. Two hours after we had taken up positions astride the coast road, the leading Italian tanks came into sight—ignorant of the deadly trap that awaited them. — B. J. Munslow (ex-7th Armoured Division), Dawlish, Devon.

Nice, Kind Dentist

So many times I have heard people say: "I'd never send my child to the school dentist." When I took my highly strung and very sensitive boy of eight to one, this was how we were treated. A nurse took my son, chatted to him and gained his confidence. Then she introduced him to the dentist, who took him round the surgery, showing him each item of interest. Eventually he explained what he was going to do—and during each stage of the unpleasant drawing of two double teeth held the interest of my boy. Some twenty minutes later, the nurse brought my boy to me and told me to wait with him in the warm room until my bus was due. How do I know what went on in the surgery? Well, we had it, chapter and verse, served up with every meal for days afterwards. — Mrs. Margaret Blanures, 8 Manor Street, Cleckheaton, Yorks.

. . . My five-year-old daughter was awake all night with toothache. I did what I could to ease her pain and promised her I would find a nice, kind dentist. I went to twelve dentists. Five didn't attend children at all; six wanted me to make an appointment for a month hence; the remaining one undertook to extract the tooth in a week's time. Meanwhile, my girl still has toothache.—Mrs. D. G., London.

A Sidecap Honoured

Being an ex-R.A.F. radar operator, I was most interested in the first of W. E. Armstrong's "The Night Had Eyes" articles (John Bull, February 10), particularly as I had just received my Class G preliminary warning. Imagine my surprise when, on turning the page, I saw my own "forage cap" in a place of honour next to the telephone in the photograph of the control room; then I remembered being in the room when it was taken.—P. P. I., Gateshead 9, Co. Durham.

Tailor's Compliments

The cover costume

As a tailor, I compliment K. J. Petts on the painting of the girl's costume in his St. Valentine's Day cover of the postman delivering her mail (John Bull, February 17). The outline of her coat is good; the stripes on the collar and lapels are as they should be, and those on the skirt match correctly. Even the buttonholes are right. Many artists slip up badly on such details.—D. B., Cardiff.

The Third Programme

A potential university student, I endorse the benefits of the Third Programme described in D. H. Ingram's article (John Bull, February 17). Far more knowledge can be gained by listening in for a few minutes to the various professors than from hours studying textbooks.—W. H., Woolwich.

. . . The worst disservice to the Third is continual stressing of its "educational" value. No one would go to the cinema if he was told he ought to do so in order to be instructed in the Hollywood viewpoint on this and that. If the *pleasure* of listening to the Third was stressed, the number of listeners would increase.—Margaret R. Seaton, 5 Lyndhurst Road, London, N.W.3.

. . . The majority of listeners in this area find reception on Third Programme wavelengths too poor for listening. We must be able to listen to the Third before we can support it.—S. Phillips, Lansdale New Road, Cranbrook, Kent.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address are in the letter.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

James Fitton's cover celebrates the opening of J. B. Priestley's great new novel *Festival at Farbridge*. It's also a foretaste of the fireworks—real and imaginary—that climax this grand story. Fitton, who was born in Oldham and is an A.R.A., has seen and painted many firework displays from his 200-year-old cottage in Dulwich Village, London. It's close to the now burnt down Crystal Palace—once the scene of mighty firework shows and that other festival in 1851.

Beginning "FESTIVAL AT FARBRIDGE" by J. B. PRIESTLEY
John Bull

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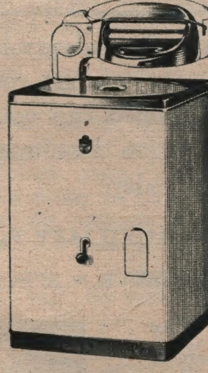

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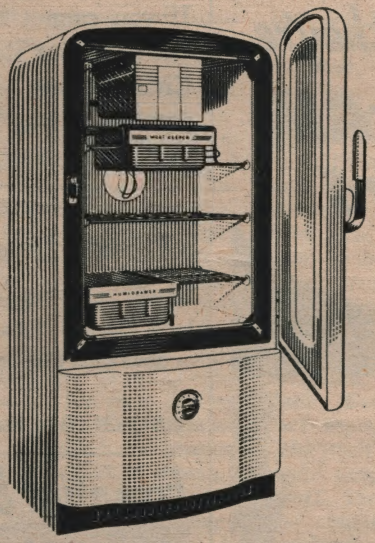
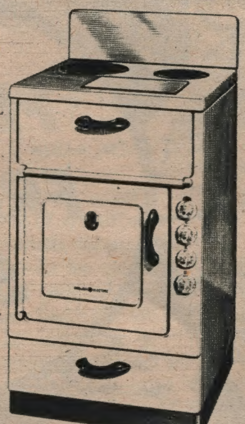


Refrigerator

Really big cold storage capacity, yet uses minimum of kitchen space and electricity. Beautifully finished in cream enamel.



Cooker

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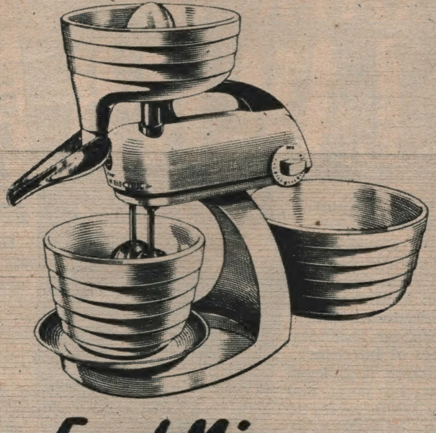


Food Mixer

Does *all* your mixing for you. Two bowl sizes supplied. Juices fruit in a moment. Minces meat (with an extra attachment).

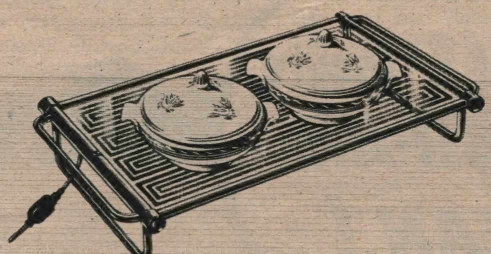
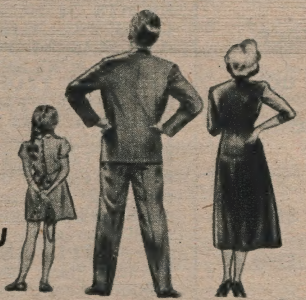


Plate Warmer

Combining good looks and first-class efficiency it graces the sideboard and pays a compliment to the cooking— gentle heat keeping the whole meal hot.



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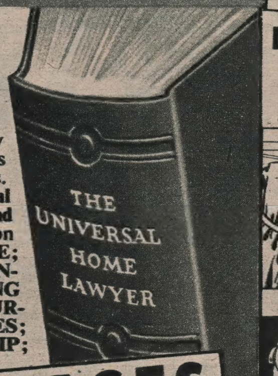

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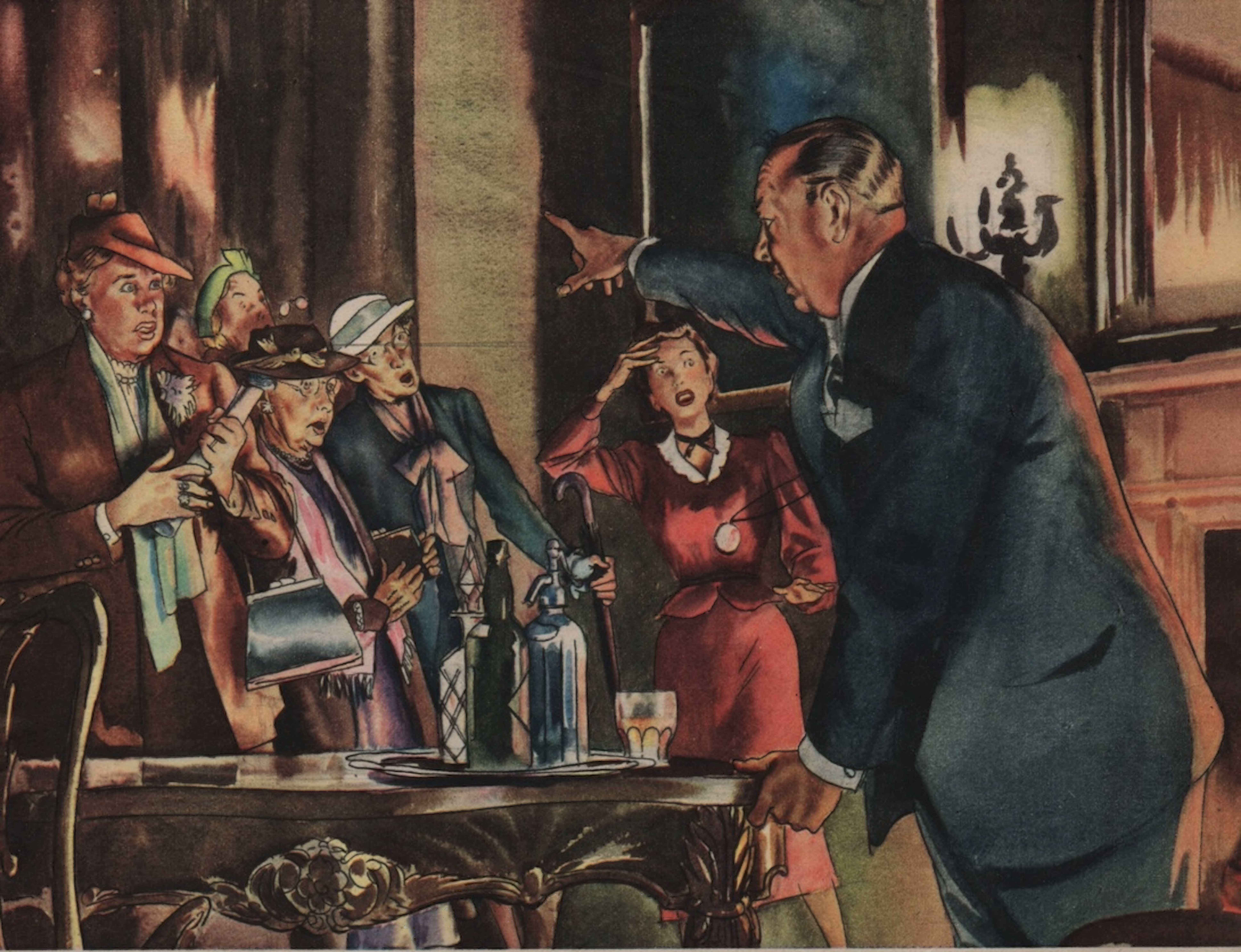


Major Bulfoss swayed on his feet. "In my opinion, Mrs. Whatmore, you're a poisonous old windbag. Now—*get out!*" Laura had stopped breathing

John Bull presents the novel of the year

FESTIVAL AT FARBRIDGE

by J. B. PRIESTLEY

ON A BLEAK AND GUSTY Saturday afternoon in March, the 2.45 bus from Market Square, Farbridge, arrived at the corner of Mayton Park Avenue, and stopped just long enough to allow a young woman carrying a portable typewriter to descend, which she did gracefully but grumpily. She was a small, dark and rather fierce young woman; and was wearing her old blue coat and felt hat, her old red dress that had never recovered from the cleaners, stockings that had laddered and not been too well repaired; and she was sure she was looking terrible, and did not care much, having no immediate joy in life. Her name was Laura Casey.

Up Mayton Park Avenue, which rises steeply, the typewriter soon seemed less portable than the advertisements suggest. Laura scowled at every name on the gateposts of the detached villas, until at last she came to Rosebank, the residence of Major G. D. Bulfoss, Member of Parliament for Farbridge. Thankfully putting down her typewriter, she gave a vicious twist to one of those spring bells that sound like a fire alarm. While she waited, the March wind proved once again that her old blue coat had had it. This front door had been recently painted a nasty dark chocolate, and Laura took an instant dislike to it. Nothing seemed to be happening inside the house, so she rang the bell again, making a noise sufficient for two fire alarms.

The woman who peeped round the door, clutching at a wrap, must have had a terrific hair-do that morning, for her head seemed to be covered with brass shavings. She had a tiny, silly nose, large and wavering eyes; and looked forty-ish. Apparently in a panic about something. "Oh!" she gasped. "Oh, dear! What is it?"

Laura was patient with her. "I work in the office—Bulfoss and Sons—and I was told to come here this afternoon and do some letters for Major Bulfoss. At three o'clock."

"Oh, dear! This is awkward. I'm Mrs. Bulfoss."

Laura said that she had guessed that.

"Actually," and Mrs. Bulfoss clutched at this word as she clutched at her wrap, "Major Bulfoss isn't getting back until about five. He sent a telegram."

"Not to the office, he didn't," said Laura

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIMLOTT

severely. "I'd better wait, if you don't mind. I'm not very keen on going away and coming back."

"No, of course not. Poor you!" And Mrs. Bulfoss suddenly smiled and stopped dithering. "Come in."

The hall had been done in a metallic green, first cousin to the dark chocolate on the front door. Mrs. Bulfoss caught Laura disliking it. "I wanted it a nice stone colour, but Gerald—Major Bulfoss—insisted on this wretched colour. Why, I can't imagine," she added, with a surprising tartness. "But I'm so sorry, I ought to have asked your name."

But as Laura told her, it was clear that Mrs. Bulfoss was not really listening but was now dithering again, quite unable to make up her mind about something. There seemed to be a queer atmosphere about Rosebank this afternoon. Something had gone wrong. This was not how people behaved in Mayton Park Avenue, Laura was sure. Mrs. Bulfoss had not the look of a woman who was the confident wife of Major G. D. Bulfoss, M.P. Why was she half-dressed and dithering at this hour?

"Actually," and Mrs. Bulfoss clutched again, "I'm quite alone. I sent the maids out." And she gave Laura an imploring look.

But Laura was nothing but a little statue, a miniature female Buddha.

"I'm trying to decide what to pack," said Mrs. Bulfoss, in a different tone. "You see, Miss Tracey, I'm going away."

"I see." Laura was disappointed. The queerness, then, was a swindle. "By the way, it's not Tracey but Casey. Where shall I wait, Mrs. Bulfoss?" It was the perfect secretary who spoke; the cold career woman, aloof from feminine dithering. Pack the grey or the blue—who cares?

"Miss Casey, I wish—I wish you'd help me. You see—actually—I'm—well, I'm leaving my husband—*really* going away."

The statue came to life at once. She had been right all the time. This was a crisis, drama. "Of course I'll help you. Where do we go?"

They went up to Mrs. Bulfoss's bedroom, all very dainty and pink, with no evidence of Major Bulfoss there; but now in a state of deplorable confusion.

"Isn't it awful? I really can't decide what to take," said Mrs. Bulfoss, picking up a folded skirt and then putting it down somewhere else. Laura suspected that the poor woman had been doing this for the past hour. "The fact is, I don't really know whether I shall be staying in London or in the country. Isn't it ridiculous?"

"Let's put some of each kind in," said Laura. "Decide what you *must* have, and then fill up with odds and ends. Are these the cases you're taking?"

Once they had started packing systematically, Mrs. Bulfoss became very confidential indeed, as if she needed to talk and had had nobody to confide in. "I still keep wondering if I'm doing the right thing. It's not as if we had children, of course. And I do feel that Arthur needs me in a way that Gerald doesn't. I suppose you've met Gerald at the office, Miss Casey?"

"Only once or twice. He's been out of it since I joined the firm. His elder brother is my boss."

"Ah—yes, Beverly. What do you think of him?"

"I can't bear him," said Laura.

Mrs. Bulfoss was delighted to hear this. "Neither can I. Of course he's quite different from Gerald, apart from being much older."

Laura wondered whether to admit that she could not bear Gerald, but decided against it, even if Mrs. Bulfoss was running away from him.

"But sometimes I think Gerald's growing more like him. Aren't these lovely? I bought them in Italy two years ago but haven't really worn them yet. Actually, I've known Arthur for ages. He's never *looked* at anybody else, and he's not strong—he's something to do with chemicals, you know, and that must be bad for him, although he says it isn't—and he *needs* somebody. Not like Gerald, who only seems to need an audience now. It was bad enough before he won the election, but since then, although I've not seen a lot of him, of course, he's been *so* stuffy and pompous—I just couldn't stand it."

Mrs. Bulfoss was looking at a pink-and-oyster jacket that seemed to Laura particularly revolting. "I don't know whether to take this. I've always been rather attached to it, and I know Arthur adores it. What do you think?"

"No. And if he asks, tell him it was ruined by the cleaners. What's this other one—Arthur—like? Tall, short, fat, thin, older or younger than Major Bulfoss? Or don't you want to talk about him?"

"Why, my dear, I don't mind. He's about ten years older than I am—rather plump—I tease him about that, but I don't care really—and rather pale. I think that's the chemicals but he says not, and with splendid eyes—really splendid—a sort of hazel. Quite different from Gerald's."

"Good!" And so it was, because the Bulfoss brothers had eyes like boiled cod. "How are you going? Train?"

Mrs. Bulfoss lit up like a lighthouse at dusk. "My dear," she cried triumphantly, "you'll never guess. Arthur's arranged for a car to take me the whole way. The man's been waiting at the White Hart since this morning, and I telephoned as soon as Gerald's telegram came, saying that he'd better call at four o'clock. Then he takes me *the whole way*."

It was all wonder and glory, and the least Laura could do was to exclaim in admiration and envy, although the thought of plump, pale old Arthur waiting at the other end left her cold, even though it might be a nice change from Major Bulfoss.

"A Daimler, I think," Mrs. Bulfoss murmured, still lost in the enchantment of these wonderful arrangements.

"You'd better get dressed then. Perhaps I could make some tea."

"My dear, *could* you? I'll come down the moment I'm ready."

"Are you leaving a note on a pin-cushion or anything?" said Laura.

"I've been wondering about that. Because Gerald doesn't know, of course. Some men might have guessed what might happen, but not Gerald—oh no! What do *you* think I ought to do?"

"Well, if you like," said Laura slowly, "I can tell him. I'll have to stay on until he comes. Anyhow, you can decide while I'm making the tea." And off she went.

The tea had not been brewed more than a minute before Mrs. Bulfoss arrived in the kitchen. She was wearing a beige costume and a leopard-skin coat and a Daimler-all-the-way look, and appeared much taller and grander than before. Her manner, too, was more aloof at first, although it thawed a little over the second cup. Laura sat on a hard little kitchen chair, and nibbled some rather mournful biscuits; Mrs. Bulfoss remained standing, with an eye on the clock.

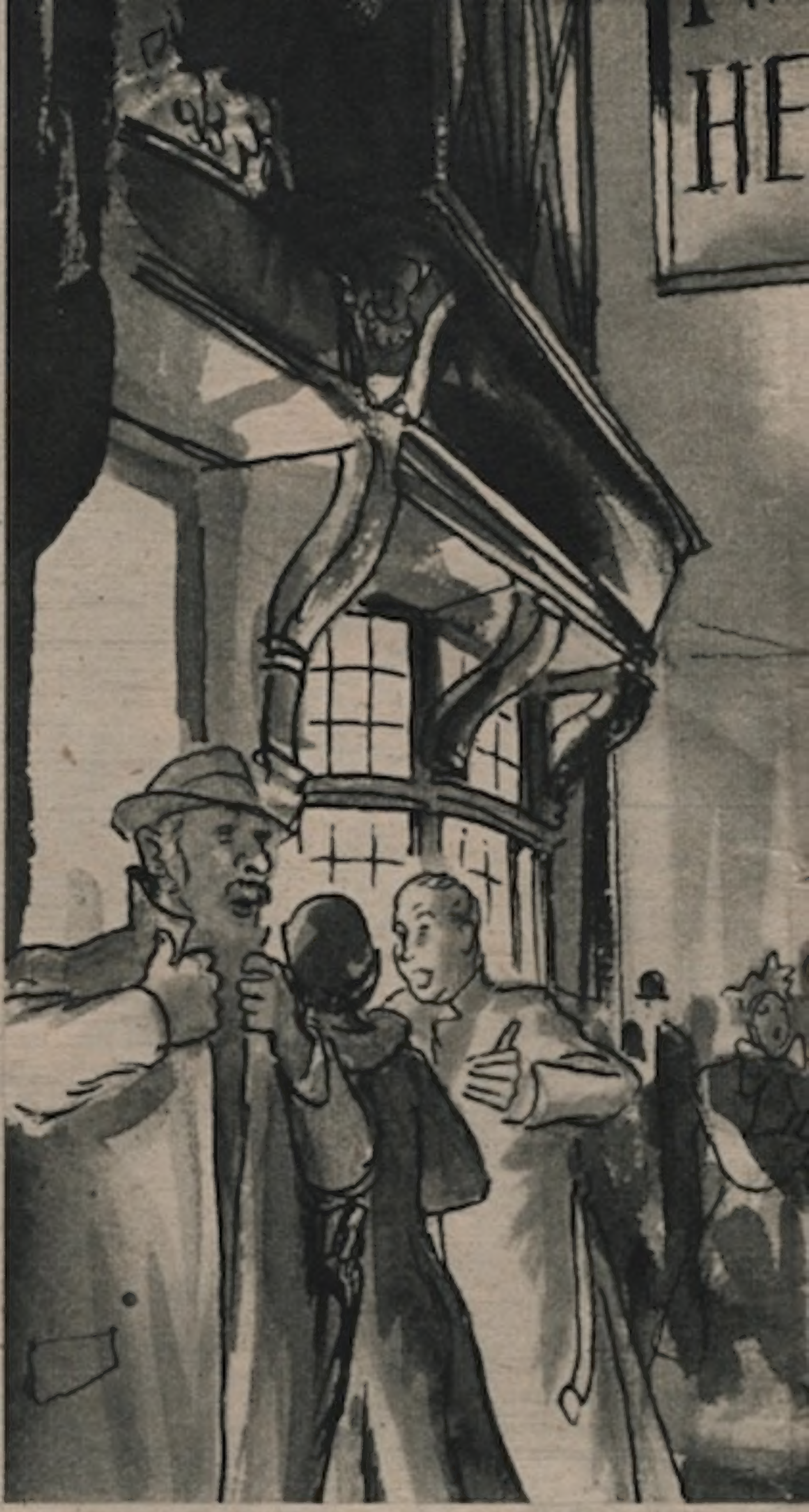
"I think if you just say that I've gone away and will be writing to him in a few days," said Mrs. Bulfoss, "that will do, Miss Casey."

"What about Arthur?" said Laura, who did not appreciate this new manner.

Mrs. Bulfoss frowned, hesitated, bit her lip. "Actually, they've never met. Though, of course, he's heard me mention Arthur now and then. But Gerald won't want any *scandal*, of course."

"I'll bet he won't. But I don't mention Arthur, you think?" Laura lit a cigarette and puffed away at it, half closing her eyes, as if she had been assisting at scandalous elopements for years and years.

"Knowing Gerald, I don't think he'll want to discuss this with you, Miss Casey. But don't forget to tell him I'll be writing in a few days. There are sure to be dozens of things I've forgotten. Perhaps we'd better bring the bags down now."



They walked past the King's Head, a big,

Laura felt like telling her to bring them down herself or make use of Arthur's chauffeur, but then decided that all this sudden grandeur only meant that poor Mrs. Bulfoss was trying to keep up her courage. But it did seem to be an afternoon for lugging things around. On the way down a grandmother clock on the half-landing received a nasty bump.

"You're not married or engaged or anything, are you?" said Mrs. Bulfoss, when they were both breathing hard together in the hall, with the luggage all ready for the Daimler.

Laura replied briefly that she wasn't.

"Is your home here in Farbridge?" Mrs. Bulfoss sounded as if she had just opened a bazaar and Laura had just presented her with a bouquet.

"No, it isn't. I came here from London, only about three months ago, for a change. As a matter of fact, I haven't got a home. There's only my father, and he's somewhere in Central America, treasure-hunting."

"Treasure-hunting?" Mrs. Bulfoss sounded shocked.

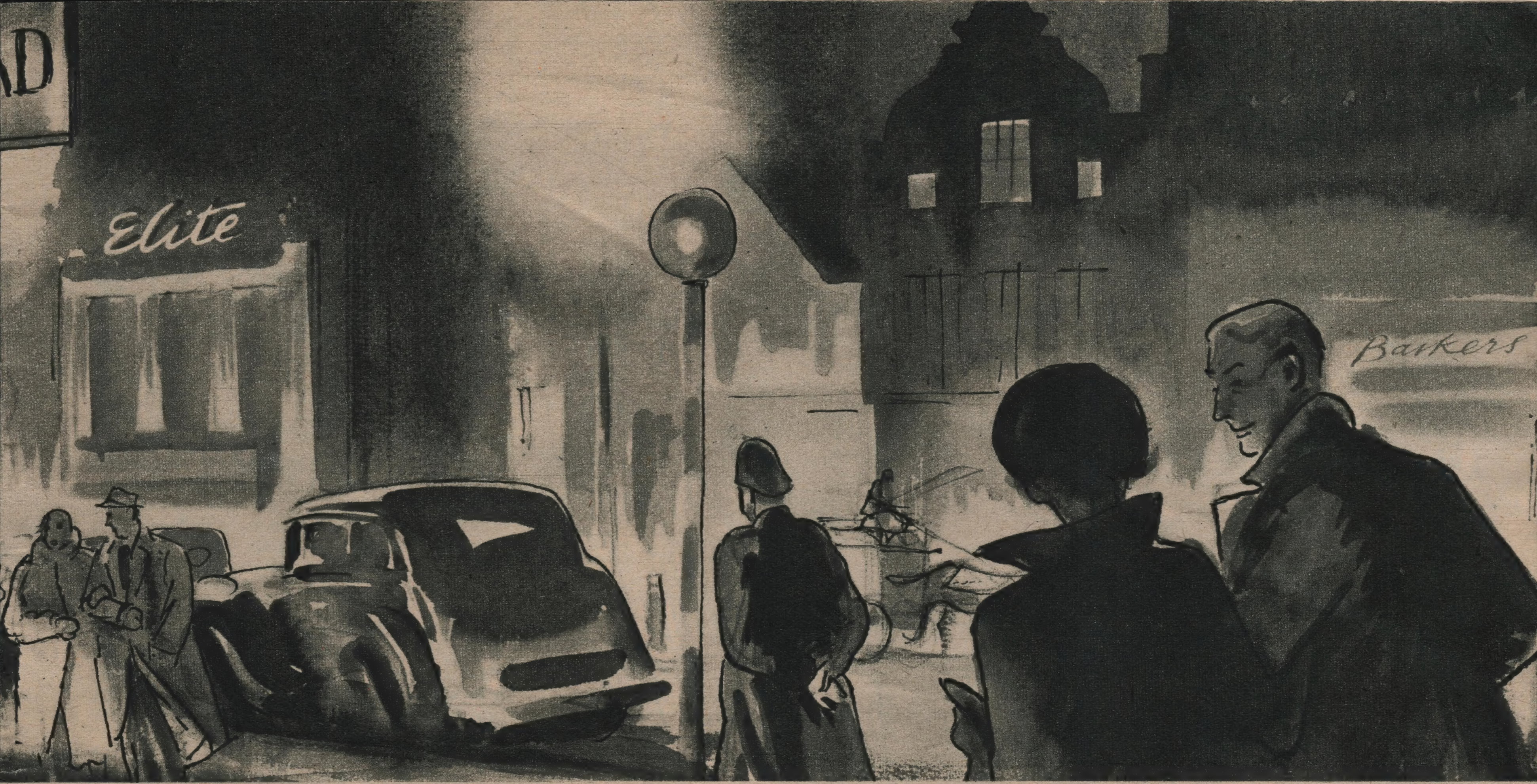
"That's right—looking for treasure," said Laura cheerfully.

"But surely they don't let you do that nowadays, do they? I mean—currency and permits and things."

"Dad does it. He was a marine engineer and then decided he must start looking for all this treasure the old pirates are supposed to have buried. At least, that's what he was doing when I last heard from him—but it may be something else now. He's a bit mad, of course, but a darling. After we lost my brother in the war and then mother died, he didn't bother about living a steady, respectable life any longer—and just did what he liked. And quite right, too. Listen—I believe that's your car."

"Oh dear!" Mrs. Bulfoss was immediately back in her original fluster. "I wonder if I'm doing the right thing. Just see if it's a Daimler, will you, dear?"

Laura, at the window, reported that it was one of the largest Daimlers she had ever seen



bogus pub, trying to look as cosy as a Christmas card. From a nearby hall the melancholy thump-a-thump of dance music spilled into the Farbridge night

and that now a very important-looking chauffeur was stepping out of it. This threw Mrs. Bulfoss into a panic.

"Can you remember if we packed my little red velvet bag?"

"I'm sure we did," said Laura firmly, although she had not the least recollection of any such bag. "I'll answer the door, shall I? It'll look better."

"My walking-shoes——?"

"Remember them distinctly," said Laura as she went to the door. "By the way, where have you put the major's correspondence? After all, that's why I'm here."

"In the study," said Mrs. Bulfoss. "Oh dear! I'm sure there are dozens of things I ought to have that we've forgotten. . . ."

The chauffeur was a broad, red-faced man who looked like the captain of a liner, perfect for a coloured Cunard advertisement in an American magazine. At the sight of him Mrs. Bulfoss was all dignified condescension, as if some gigantic bazaar would have to be opened at the end of the journey. Laura wondered what Arthur was doing—chemicals, golf, or pacing about somewhere, pale and plump and tense. Gerald would be dozing in a first-class carriage from Euston, blissfully unaware that nobody but a malicious secretary was waiting for him at Rosebank.

"Is this everything, merdom?" said the chauffeur.

"Everything, thank you," said Mrs. Bulfoss. "Well, goodbye, Miss Casey."

As Mrs. Bulfoss sailed through, the chauffeur, standing respectfully in the doorway, turned towards Laura and gave her an enormous slow wink. It was like a friendly signal from the whole generations of coachmen, grooms, ostlers, chauffeurs—all the sardonic men of the road. Laura stood at the door while the car majestically negotiated the drive. She caught a last glimpse of Mrs. Bulfoss's inadequate nose, those desperate curls, now on their way from Gerald to Arthur, from portentous political speeches to mysterious moods influenced by still more mysterious chemicals, from pink-plump and high blood pressure to waxy-plump and possible kidney trouble; and in that glimpse she discovered all the silliness, eternal hopefulness, grandeur, of her adventurous sex, inhabitants of a territory long occupied by the armies of the male. She waved, although there was nobody to wave back at her. The Daimler made an important all-the-way-to-Arthur noise, and vanished.

There was something at once silly and intimidating, Laura found, in being alone in a strange house. She caught herself tiptoeing about, and had to fight hard to resist a desire to open drawers and ransack cupboards, like a detective.

Nothing happened except two telephone calls, both asking for Major Bulfoss (nobody wanted Mrs. Bulfoss except Arthur), and the arrival of the postman, which added five letters to the pile on the study table. Laura began opening all the letters that were not marked *Personal* or *Private*: they were nearly all invitations to address meetings or give prizes; and the only one in which she could take any interest was an involved but passionate complaint about a kitchen range from a woman who appeared to think that questions in the House ought to be asked about it. Several pre-atomic centuries seemed to pass.

Then history began again. Nothing seemed to be lacking except drums and trumpets. Doors banged, voices roared, and the place seemed to be packed with noisy, large men. The Member for Farbridge, accompanied by three prominent members of the Conservative Club, had returned. Laura felt herself blown about like a leaf in a gale.

"Sent you up from the office, did they?" Major Bulfoss shouted. "Good! Shan't be long. Just sort out the letters and that sort of thing while I give these fellas a drink. Where are the maids? All right, tell me later, must attend to these chaps. Do it all myself, of course, as usual." He had the Bulfoss boiled eye with an angry complexion, a clipped thick moustache, a meaty butcher's look; and one of those voices that always seemed to Laura like rude stares. "Don't want a drink yourself, I imagine? Better not, eh? Well, shan't be long, Miss—er——"

He left the study door open behind him, and soon Laura could hear from the drawing-room the sound of glasses tinkling against decanters and much guffawing. The voice of the Honourable and Gallant Member, who apparently had been attending an important private meeting of his party, rose triumphantly above the rest; but a good time, Laura decided sourly, was being had by all. And at least an equally good time, she promised herself, would shortly be had by Laura Casey, looking up from her typewriter to break the news about Mrs. Bulfoss.

"Well, gentlemen," she heard the Major cry, "I hate to break up this session but I've a hell of a pile of letters to attend to and a secretary waiting in my study." And after more guffawing and talk of "One for the road" and cries of "You're dead right there, old boy" and "I couldn't agree with you more, my dear chap," with the balloon of masculine complacency becoming more perilously inflated every second, Major Bulfoss bustled them out. It occurred to him then, as well it might, that the study was rather a cold, melancholy sort of place in which to examine his correspondence; so Laura was commanded to leave her typewriter behind her and bring the letters and her notebook into the drawing-room, which had now the atmosphere of a superior saloon bar.

The Major, settling down with another whisky-and-soda, grunted his way through more than half the letters before he spoke to Laura again. "Suppose I ought to ask my wife about one or two of these affairs." He looked across at Laura, who was sitting up on a chair much too tall for her, very demure with notebook and pencil. "I take it she's out. Did you happen to see her before she went out?"

"I did," said Laura carefully. "She left about four o'clock. I've been here since three."

"Oh, have you? Too bad. Meant to get through to the office this morning about that, but just couldn't manage it." Major Bulfoss took another pull at his whisky. "Did Mrs. Bulfoss mention where she was going?"

"No, she didn't."

"Humph! She might have left a message."

"She did leave a message."

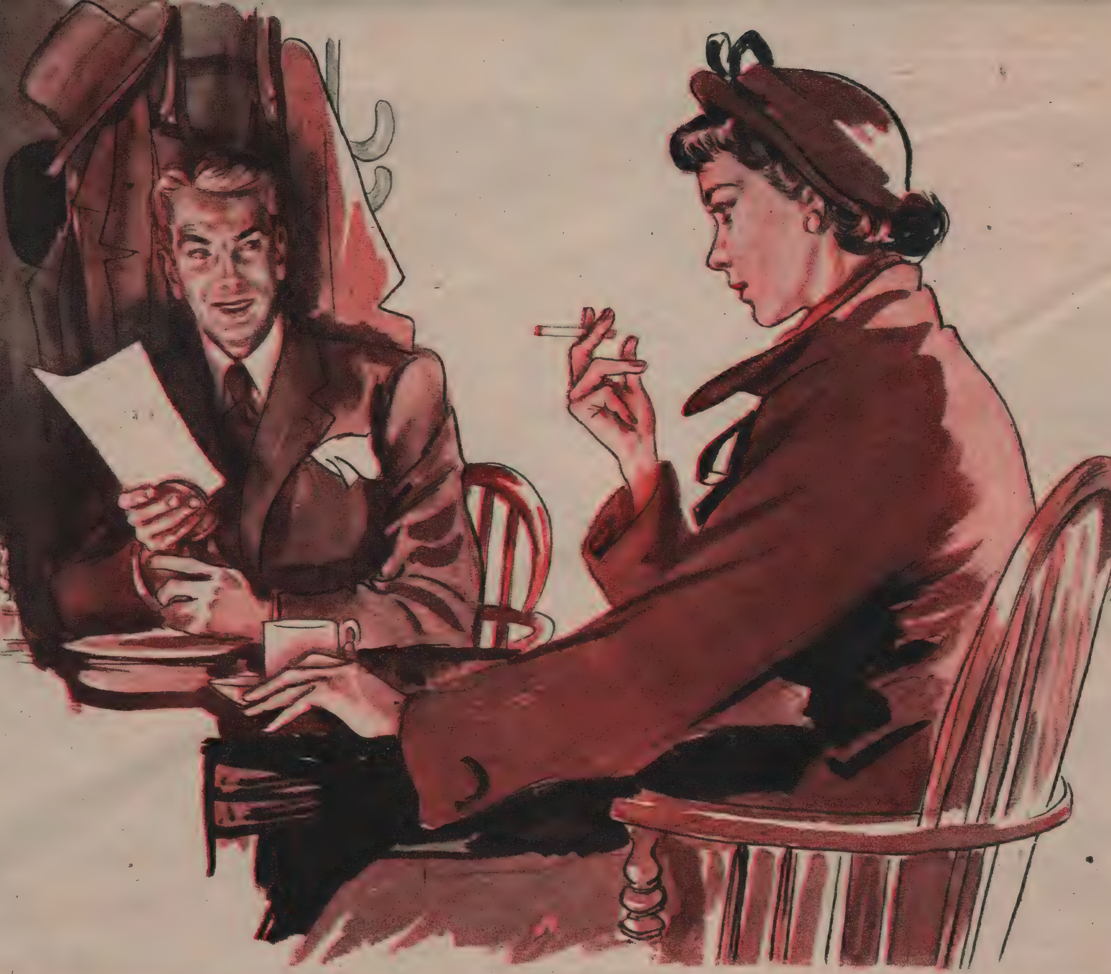
"Then you ought to have told me."

"I hadn't forgotten," said Laura, again with much care, "but I was trying to decide what would be the best time to tell you."

Major Bulfoss stared at her. "Look, Miss—er——"

"Casey."

"Of course—Casey. Well—look, Miss Casey—I'd just as soon you didn't try to be funny. Do



"You are not married," he said. "Neither am I." Laura could not imagine what was coming

you mind?" Laura stared back at him. "Not at all."

"Thanks very much. Well, what was the message?"

"She asked me to tell you that she's gone away and would be writing in a few days."

"Nonsense! You must have misunderstood her."

Laura shook her head. "I don't think so, Major Bulfoss."

"Look, Miss—er—Casey, I've had rather a long day and I've still a good deal to do, whether you help me to do it or not. So no argument, please. And by the way, why didn't Miss Benson come today? That was the arrangement I had with the office—that Miss Benson should do my letters here."

"Miss Benson thinks she might be getting 'flu, so I was asked, as a favour, if I'd take her place here today."

"Oh well, pity about that. And I suppose you're annoyed because you've been kept so long. Don't blame you entirely, Miss Casey, but I'll be obliged if you won't try to be funny or argue the point quite so much. There isn't time, and I don't happen to be in the mood for it. Eh?"

As Laura made no reply, he glanced at several more letters in a stern fashion. She watched him like a very small cat watching a very large mouse. Something in her level gaze made him uneasy. He had to stop reading. "Look here, you must have got that message all wrong. I mean to say, Mrs. Bulfoss didn't take any luggage when she went."

Laura was very precise. "She took two large cases, one small case, and a hat box."

He sat up, staring. "What?"

"In a large Daimler," she continued, with a certain dreaminess now, "that was going all the way."

"All the way—where?"

Laura smiled. "She didn't tell me that. She just said she was leaving you but would write in a few days. Probably to ask you to send on all the things she'd forgotten to pack."

"All the things. . . !" cried the Major, on his feet but stupefied. "My God!"

The telephone was ringing in the hall. If Major Bulfoss heard it, he gave no sign of having done so. Laura answered. A massive contralto informed her that she was being spoken to by Mrs. Whatmore, Chairman of the Women's Executive Committee of the Farbridge Conservative Party. Major Bulfoss was there, was he? Then Mrs. Whatmore, with a deputation of the Farbridge Conservative Women, would shortly arrive at Rosebank.

Looking more glazed than before, Major Bulfoss was drinking whisky without soda. But as he saw Laura a hopeful thought occurred to him. "My wife?"

"No. Mrs. Whatmore, chairman of the——"

"Oh, damn an' blast Mrs. Whatmore! Don't tell me. I don't want to know. But—look here—did you gather from anything my wife said that she was going to stay with her sister?"

"I gathered very definitely that she was *not* going to stay with her sister." Laura was so firm that he had to believe her.

He swallowed about a third of a tumbler of neat whisky, and this, following all the drinks he had had before, made him goggle a little. "By George, this is pretty thick, I must say. Just going off like that. Look here, are you *sure?* Or is this something you've cooked up between you?"

"No cooking up, Major Bulfoss," she assured him.

He glared at her, squinting in an effort to keep her in focus. "Well—see for myself."

OUT he marched, and a moment later Laura could hear him shouting "Madge! Madge!" on the stairs. She sat down, this time in a more comfortable chair, and wondered where the Daimler was and what Mrs. Bulfoss was feeling and how impatient Arthur felt; and then she remembered that Mrs. Whatmore and her ladies were probably on the way. It sounded as if a rogue elephant were loose upstairs, or as if Major Bulfoss were looking for Mrs. Bulfoss in all the wardrobes and chests of drawers.

He came back into the drawing-room and immediately helped himself to another large whisky. Laura wondered whether to tell him that he was drinking too much, but decided against it.

"Now then, Miss—er," said the Major, giving her one of his suspicious squinting glares. "Want the truth about my wife. Gone away? Right. Where?"

"I don't know. Honestly, I don't, Major Bulfoss. I gave you the exact message she gave me."

"Never mind about messages. Don't tell me she packed up and left without saying anything more than that. Couldn't do it. I know Madge." He hesitated a moment, took a quick, gurgling drink, then stopped glaring and gave Laura a look of appeal. "Do you think she just went off in a huff—or is it serious?"

"Serious, I'm afraid."

He took a step towards her, offering a close-up of bloodshot bewilderment. His tone dropped to a hoarse whisper. "Think there's a man in it? All right, I can see you know there is." He pondered heavily for a moment. "Good God! It's that damn blighter—Arthur Hatchet-Ferrers. Isn't it?"

"It's Arthur somebody."

"Hatchet-Ferrers. West British Chemicals." The Major nodded slowly, and, as if the situation called for slow motion, very slowly drained his glass, leaned forward and peered at the decanter, which was almost empty now, and then, like a man giving an exhibition under water, appeared to float out of the room, apparently going in the direction of the pantry.

LAURA took this opportunity of nipping into the study and putting her typewriter back into its case. Whatever else happened now, letters were out. When she returned to the drawing-room Major Bulfoss, still in slow motion, was opening a bottle of whisky.

"Do you think you ought to have any more?"

"Yes. Not a drinking man as a rule," he explained very slowly and gravely. "Can take a drink or leave it alone. Ask anybody. But this is different. Very different. You have a drink, eh?"

"No, thank you," said Laura, trying not to sound prim.

"Yes, yes. Small glass of sherry."

"All right, then."

"Help yourself," said the Major, who by this time had already started on the new bottle. He sat down with great care, placed the hand with the glass on one knee and rested the other hand on his other knee, looked darkly at Laura and said slowly: "Arthur Hatchet-Ferrers. A pip-squeak if there ever was one. What does she see in him? Tell me that, Miss Lacey."

"Not knowing him, I can't tell you exactly," said Laura, sipping her sherry. "But women are often attracted by men who they think need them badly. Often it's silly, but that's how it works."

He ignored this. "She thinks I don't know him. But I do—met him once—lunch at a club in town. Arthur Hatchet-Ferrers—fat chap—face like an underdone pie—never see fifty again—might be nearer sixty—takes pills with his lunch. Made a packet, no doubt—probably in the war. But what is he? Nothing. Who is he? Nobody. And haven't I said to her, over and over again: 'Just wait, old girl. Be patient, that's all. Title soon—Lady Bulfoss. What's the matter with that? Just back me up, that's all, old girl,' I said. And now just because I've had to be away a lot—in the House—meetings—public service—that sort of thing—no fun, y'know; dashed hard slogging, lot of it—as soon as my back's turned she goes running off to a fella like Hatchet-Ferrers. Sent a damn' great car for her, eh?"

"Enormous. A hired Daimler, I'd say."

"It'll go on his expense account and he'll get it off tax. That's the way these fellas do it. But women don't know—don't care. All the same to them. Bit of fuss, bit of palaver—and they'll swallow anybody and anything, hook, line and sinker." He did some swallowing himself and came up for air more goggly than ever. But now he was dignified, disillusioned, melancholy. "I don't pretend to be as well-off as Hatchet-Ferrers. Wouldn't think of it. No pretence about me. But within limits—rea-son-nable limits—and I think you'll agree, Miss Er, that there have to be rea-son-nable limits—I've given my wife everything she ever asked for." He waved broadly at the room, and the look he gave it suggested that it was five

Continued on page 25

The wardens stage a blitz

by *HARRY HOPKINS*

In a triumph of make-believe, a new pattern of Civil Defence is being set. . . . Beginning a two-part report on the men and women training to stand guard in Britain's home towns

Exercise at Easingwold. "How to lift a girder is more important than all the Geiger-counters"

SELLARS COURT HAD got it badly. The debris had pitched forward into the area, blocking all entrance to the basement. Methodically, with frost-numbed fingers, the duffle-coated rescue workers prised loose the heavy lumps of masonry, passing them back from hand to hand. According to the warden's list, an elderly man, Chris Long, lived there with his sister. The floor above had collapsed.

Down the road, flame spurted suddenly from an overturned lorry, illuminating a shop sign which still hung drunkenly by a single nail from its window frame: J. EDWARDS, GENERAL DEALER.

"Rescue Party here! Can you hear me?" Six times the shout came through the night, each time from a different point on the mountain of rubble that had been a three-storey tenement. After each cry, a brief suspense—and silence.

At 20.55 the bombers came again. There was a hit on the shelter at the end of South Road. White, incandescent flame shot up from Highbury, the house across the road from Sellars Court—an incendiary. Over to the west, Magnolia Cottage and Phoenix House were well alight. The water froze in the stirrup pumps.

Creeping Into The Rubble

Back at Sellars Court, the rescue party was deep down now in the area. When enough of the window was cleared, the leader crept in. We waited. At last the words came out: *"The woman's here—dead. No sign of the brother. Send in a man with a saw. . . ."*

Ten minutes more and Chris Long was discovered, caught neatly in a "safe void" between the wall and the collapsed floor. It seemed the old fellow was hard of hearing. Label now, please. Lacerations. Severe shock. *"Stretcher party of six for Sellars Court!"*

I watched poor old Chris Long being hauled up through the rubble out of his basement, wrapped in a blanket, lashed to the stretcher. He was a ghastly sight. It hurt you to look at him—or would have if you did not happen to know that his injuries were as thoroughly synthetic and faked as this "blitzed village" itself, that Chris Long was, at fifty-nine, the oldest member of the maintenance staff at this Civil Defence school at Easingwold—an ex-tailor and something of an artist at stuffing and sewing a lively corpse.

It was, in fact, the usual end-of-the-course night exercise—a highly explosive event to which both the inhabitants and the livestock of this small Yorkshire village had by now become well accustomed. And the duffle-coated rescue workers, the agile wardens, the policemen and firefighters, would soon be back in their home towns—still, mercifully, intact—bringing new strength and experience to the backbone of Britain's postwar Civil Defence Corps. For after only five years of well-earned retirement, the Man-with-the-Torch was being asked to stand by again. And this time, beside his stirrup pump, would stand the Geiger-counter.

The "producer," Arthur Lund, a genial Yorkshireman, explained the whole thing at the briefing a couple of hours before the exercise started. The enemy, he said, had been concentrating lately on the communications system of the country. The week before, a force of enemy bombers had attacked the railway line to the north. One of them had badly damaged a small village close to Easingwold. Now, the bombers were back again. But this time casualties were not heavy because most of the villagers were in the parish hall, which got off lightly. But the fire station was knocked out. And a good many fires were started. . . .

It was a dark, bitter night with snow on the ground. The head warden, a police sergeant named J. Johnson from the Shetland Islands, decided to set up his headquarters in the factory. Issued with a white armband to prevent my being dealt with as a feckless civilian, I took up my position there. Zero hour was 20.20.

Five dull reverberations shook the village. The bombers had evidently scored several hits. Incendiaries flared and spluttered down the street. From the villa just below the factory the wailing of a woman rose and fell. It was answered by a man's voice, strong and confident: "All right, don't worry. We'll soon get through to you."

The first incident reports began to filter in. By the light of an oil lamp, the white-helmeted

Dealing with "incident" reports. The aim: an organization in the streets and homes of every town

damage control officer, alias warden, and his assistant—H. Sankey, from Bolton, Lancashire—built up the picture from the details the wardens brought in. A man trapped at Edwards Buildings under fifty tons of brick rubble. Right. One end of the shelter collapsed in North Road. Right. Have to cut through the escape panel! How about this basement at Sellars Court?

After about ten minutes, the first casualty was brought in to the first-aid post, leaning on the arm of a rescue man. Her face was ashen, one arm in a sling. Name: Annie Sandham. She spoke in a dazed whisper. "I'd come over to ask Mr. Watson to buy a ticket for the dramatic society show. I was caught behind the door till the rescue party got me free." "Where's Mr. Watson now?" She shook her head vaguely. The bomb, she said, had seemed very close.

Down-to-earth Training

Every "live" casualty in an Easingwold exercise is equipped with one of these likely stories. Complete realism, solid down-to-earth practicality, is the essence of the Easingwold approach. Says the commandant, Commander F. H. Austen, who still retains about him something of the Navy's air of quiet competence: "Lectures are all very well. But there are things you have to experience to understand."

It is here that the somewhat sinister arts of the Red Cross's "casualty union" come in. Masters of spectacular mutilation and internal disaster, with their paints, powders and potions, its members can in a few minutes turn a perfectly healthy human being into a pitiful wreck. Wicked daggers of glass spear faces streaming with blood, a piece of putty, cunningly placed, becomes a bone sticking out of a gangrenous leg.

An hour before zero hour I had stood in the make-up room, surrounded by blanched and bleeding faces, watching William Harding, a local Red Cross member who brings his family over for each exercise from Shipton-by-Beningbrough, giving his wife Eirene a fractured leg and his daughter Doreen crushed ribs, internal bleeding and shock. Doreen would be duly discovered, unconscious, concussed, having fallen down the cellar steps when the bomb fell. Since internal injuries are not much to look at, she would have with her a capsule of sticky red fluid to burst in her mouth when the rescuers got near.

In the next room a "perforated lung" is being shown how to breathe short and shallow. An "injured spine" is receiving instruction on how to react if the rescuers try to pick him up.

This impressive attention to detail extends also to the setting of the exercise, the "blitzed village," which has been lovingly reconstructed from the debris of York's demolished shelters. A pram sticks forlornly out of the rubble. A bath stands absurdly on an exposed first floor. Each house has its name-plate—"Chlorine Cottage," "Clearwood View"—and each its roster of inhabitants.

More important, each of the buildings in the village embodies a different type of rescue problem. There is Shore Villa, where one wall—built at the cost of much anguish by conscientious Ministry of Works bricklayers—bulges dangerously outwards. There is Fleurs House, where a casualty with a broken arm is very liable to be found prostrated on a first floor that sways ominously when touched. There is the rubble mountain at Edwards Buildings for practice in long-distance tunnelling, the assorted basements of Sellars Court, and the Towers, five storeys high, and open on three sides so that you need both a good head for heights and a knack with knots to get your casualty down. The only intact building in the place is the factory—and that was erected to illustrate different techniques of building construction.

The details of the exercise cover ten closely typed sheets of foolscap, but the students, at the briefing, see only the first two. They know nothing of the "Timetable of Effects—Phase A and B," from the R.A.F. fighters' "buzzing" of the village to the carefully co-ordinated touching-off of the gun-cotton slabs, the thunder-flashes, the magnesium bombs, the F.T.F. (flame-thrower fuel fires). Top secret, too, are the little traps prepared to catch them out. Will the Fleurs House warden, for instance, remember that Mr. Wilson is away in hospital, or will he have the rescue party combing the debris for a corpse that is not there? Will the street party in No. 1 sector find the dummy driver trapped in the cab of the overturned lorry—or will they be led astray by the "red herring" tramp who, having cadged a lift, was thrown clear when the bomb fell?

Britain Is Now The Model

Each course, designed primarily to train instructors, lasts three and a half weeks, and up to date more than 1,200 men and women have passed through. They have included city engineers and W.V.S. members, municipal officials, men sent by industrial firms and nationalized boards, soldiers and policemen. The week I was there, there were also three Canadians, sent by their government to study what Britain was doing. For, with its three training schools in Gloucestershire, Yorkshire and Scotland, its staff college at Sunningdale, its joint planning staff under Major-General S. F. Irwin, and its unrivalled fund of experience, Britain's Civil Defence organization has today become an accepted model for other nations.

And the atomic bomb? Says Commander Austen quietly: "We aim to send our students away knowing just what the atom bomb can do, and—perhaps just as important—what it can't." The bomb, in fact, falls almost prosaically into place in this versatile curriculum, its horrors stolidly catalogued, dissected, dealt with. There is, for instance, the demonstration of contamination and how to detect it. Several students go out of the lecture room where the rest are gathered. One or two of them secrete a capsule of radioactive material somewhere about their clothing. Then they return. Using the appropriate radiation meters, the others have to discover just which of their colleagues is "hot" —and just where the contamination lies.

They learn to use the three types of Civil Defence radiation meters—the "fountain pen" dosimeter, which clips in the pocket and is put to the eye like a telescope; the white, streamlined dose-rate meter, indicating the quantity of radiation given off per hour; the bulkier contamination meter, linked to a hand-probe for locating the danger points in detail.

Scales of the permitted "tolerance doses" for each class of Civil Defence worker are being worked out—in contaminated areas teams may sometimes have to relieve each other in fairly quick succession. But, warn the Easingwold lecturers, the perils of radioactivity induced by neutron bombardment from the bomb are easily exaggerated. Rather more likely is the danger which could arise from the "fall-out" of fission-products, lethal, invisible dust.

No Wellsian Horror Jitters

Recommended protection against this for Civil Defence squads in danger areas is a uniform including tight-fitting respirators (spectacles underneath are now out), closely woven denim overalls tied at the wrists, gum boots, gloves, a hood to protect the head. At meal-times, mobile canteens will bring to the upwind edge of the danger area food in airtight containers, to be eaten only after meticulous hand-scrubbing.

But the practical men of Easingwold refuse to be over-impressed by such Wellsian horrors. For the ordinary Civil Defence worker, they point out, the bulk of the damage will be done by the bomb's more familiar ingredients—blast and fire. At one point in the Easingwold practice grounds a girder lies on the earth, piled with a row of loose bricks. Not a very impressive piece of apparatus, but to the

Continued on page 32

Buyers and connoisseurs gather in Bordeaux to taste the new wine. In the French vineyards, the English are now regarded as the best customers

A Briton in Wineland

by *GUY ANGUS*

For him, the year begins as the leaves fall and pruning starts. It ends with the barrels full and a glorious spree

BORDEAUX

EARLY IN OCTOBER in the Gascon village it is eighty in the shade, and tall, multi-coloured houses look down on dusty cobbled streets that drift away into tracks, leading in every direction to vast green vineyards. Suddenly the silence of siesta time is broken by the rumble of heavy lorries; the fair rolls into town. Roundabouts are erected, and the loudspeaker blare of jazz records invades the village. In the middle of the ranges and the shies the local men set up a wine marquee.

Two days later the town is packed with young Gascon peasants, with vineyard labourers snoring, drunk in the main square—after all, the wine fair takes place only once a year—and with cars bearing the number plates of half the countries in Europe.

Among the connoisseurs, passing from barrel to barrel in the wine marquee, looking at the château labels and tasting samples, are plenty of British buyers and Frenchmen representing London import companies. Gascony is claret country and the British, France's best customers for wine, prefer claret. All the British wine-importing companies with offices in France have their headquarters in Bordeaux, the capital of Gascony.

In the marquee will be Ronald Barton, a *vigneron* (wine grower) whose ancestor came to Gascony from Ireland in 1725 and founded the wine shipping firm of Barton and Guestier. Ronald Barton is the ninth generation of the family to grow or sell wines, and his French partner is the ninth of the Guestiers. Growing became a family interest in 1821, when Barton's great-grandfather bought Château Langoa, in Saint-Julien.

Ronald Barton himself has been at the Château Langoa, managing the estates, and at his shipping office in Bordeaux, since he came down from Oxford in 1924. He is a bachelor, but his brother's twenty-year-old son recently joined the firm and will eventually inherit the vineyards.

For Barton, like all *vignerons*, the year begins when the leaves have fallen and the two-month job of pruning starts—generally towards the end of November. "The other chief winter operation," Barton says, "is manuring the vines. From about the beginning of March, it is possible to start plantations and 'complantations,' that is to say the replacing of vines that have died during the year."

Keeping Pests At Bay

Vines are very delicate and require as much protection from the rigours of nature as any prize flower. As soon as the leaves are well-formed they are "sulphured" (sprayed with copper sulphate as a protection against disease) and from then until the *vendange*, the wine harvest, Barton is anxiously tramping his yards on the look-out for pest and fungus.

Picking generally starts in the second half of September; after the pressing—in some parts of the country by foot, although this is a practice more common in Italy—the new wine remains in vats for fifteen to twenty days, by the end of which time the sugar should have fermented into alcohol. The wine is then drawn off into casks where, if it is a reputable wine, it remains for about two and a half years, being "fined"—made clearer and less coarse to the taste—once or twice with the whites of eggs, six or eight to each cask.

In 1939, Barton abandoned his vineyards and joined up, and when he came back he faced seemingly insuperable problems due largely to the wartime labour shortage. But today, his vineyards are nearly back to normal, and are once again producing the sort of fine quality clarets over which connoisseurs smack their lips.

The principal problem on the commercial side is taxes. Small *vignerons* sell some of their lower-grade new wine in the local villages at about a shilling a bottle. The same wine sells for 1s. 6d. or so a bottle in Paris after haulage charges have been added. In Britain, the same lower-grade wines—they usually bear a regional label like Médoc or Graves, instead of a château or a village name—sell for 9s. 6d. Transport charges are at a minimum: much of the wine comes by the cheapest of routes. Subtract the retailer's profit and the rest is taxes—between 4s. 7d. and 6s. 3d. a bottle.

Wise "collectors," Parisian grocers are saying, will start stocking right away the 1949 vintage of Rhône wines, especially Côte Rotie.

These wines are already fetching a high price in restaurants on both sides of the Channel, and even in Paris, groceries are selling for about 350 francs (7s.) a bottle—nearly a record "high" for a one-year-old wine. They are already excellent. In two years' time they will be something royalty would be proud to serve at table. In five years' time they will be the sort of nectar about which writers in wine year books enthuse for pages.

Connoisseurs check the vintage by looking at the cork. This is not because, as an old maxim has it, a deep red cork signifies age (boiling a cork in red vinegar and smothering the bottle in dirt are old tricks by French grocers), but because the year of a good wine is stamped on the side of the cork.

Asked for his advice to young wine-buyers, Ronald Barton says: "There is one tip I would like to give to the old as well as the young—for there are a lot of old people who know no more than the young. That tip is: never look for bargains. Choose a good wine merchant and trust him."

THE END

FELL RACE

by DUDLEY HOYS

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY WEARE

To marry, he needed money—and he didn't care how he got it. Yet this, surely, was an act of madness

MARTDALE IS NOTED FOR TWO THINGS: its splendid scenery, particularly at the upper end, where the fells sweep aloft to three thousand feet and the becks come roaring down whitely between the tilted greyness of rocks—and George Singleford.

George holds all the ten-and-a-half stone championships at Cumberland wrestling, and there is no other man in the Lake District who can beat him at fell-racing. Unlike most of us round here, he has a full, meaty face, brown eyes, and a lot to say for himself. You can't exactly call it boasting, because when he tells you what he has done, or is about to do, he is merely stating fact. All the same, it seems a pity. It makes folks incline to dislike him, and yet at heart he is a good sort. I can vouch for that; so can Joe Tryson, who schemed to bring him down a peg or two.

Young Joe was very quiet. His thin face had a sort of inward, broody look. I thought I knew what was wrong with him. In an area like ours, with a population less than one per square mile, everybody has an inkling of everybody else's most private problems. Joe wanted to marry Mary Sim, and she had told him: "Not until you get a farm of your own."

You could sympathize with her point of view. There was Mary living with her parents at Branthwaite, seven miles down the dale. If they got married, she would have to stay at Branthwaite, and Joe would have to keep on living in as hired man at Fold End. To see each other would mean a seven-mile bike ride, as often as not through dirty weather, and that at the end of a tiring day, and then the same distance back. They'd be so weary, they'd scarcely care that they were man and wife. Maybe, too, she thought her refusal would spur him on to extra effort to find a place of his own.

Anyway, when Joe heard that Hollins Farm at Lingbridge was becoming vacant in six months, he had sent in at once an application to the National Trust, who owned the property. He had an interview, and his quiet, earnest manner and hint of wiry energy made an impression. But there was one snag—money. Even the smallest hill-farm needs a minimum of capital. Stock, implements and whatnot swallow a good deal, and for anybody to start off with nothing but hope and strength is inviting disaster. With polite regret Joe was informed that unless he could increase his bank balance by at least another three hundred pounds, he would be out of the running. Meanwhile, to give him a chance, they would keep his name at the head of the list for a couple of months.

Not being the type who would attempt to borrow on no security, he could see little light in the darkness. His wages at Fold End were five pounds seven and six, with seventeen and six deducted for board and lodging. If he lived like a miser, it would take him well over a year to save the necessary, and long before then Hollins would be let to someone else.

I MET him one day as we were bringing down sheep from the tops in a joint gather. Before separating the flocks, we decided to drop in at the Fox for a sup of bitter. The dogs, perched on the walls, could watch the sheep. George Singleford was there, his elbow on the counter; his face as raw and gleaming as a bit of prime steak. Joe nodded and said: "Tha'll be wrestlin' at Show?"

"Ay. I'll win ten-an'-hauf class. And I've entered for fell-race." His brown eyes were offensively confident. "'Tis in the bag."

"Ay?"

"I'll win gey easy. So put tha money on me."

Joe said slowly: "One o' these days tha'll meet summun better than thasel."

George gave a maddening smirk of self-assurance. "When'll that be?"

"At t'Show. I'm runnin'. I'll beat tha."

George let out a bellow of laughter. Joe's pale blue eyes had a kind of grim stare. As for

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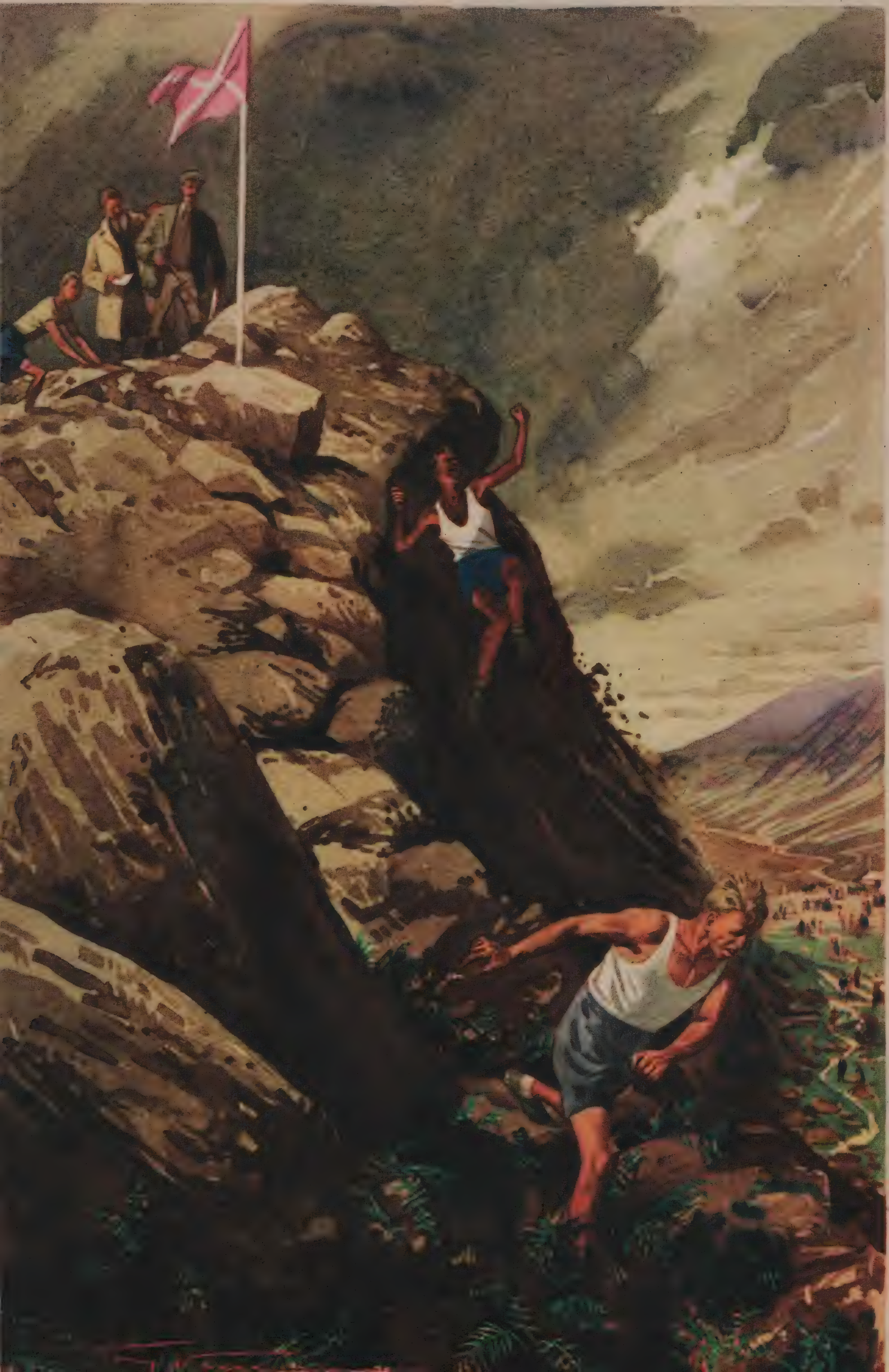


Up above, the judges gasped. Instead of keeping to the course, Joe had jumped off the top

Robinson and his wife in Paris. Their entourage included a hairdresser and a dwarf "bodyguard"

Sugar Robinson fights his way to luxury

by GEOFFREY BOCCA

Once he was hated for his "brutality." Now, a rich man who loves high living, he is hailed as an example to his race

New York

THE STORY OF SUGAR, or Little by Little, may not agitate moralists of the future, but along the thick-ear highways and byways round Madison Square Garden, New York, the way the Bad Boy of Boxing is turning into the Good Boy of Boxing is something to talk about.

Nobody today will argue the fact that Sugar Ray Robinson, the middleweight champion of the world at the age of thirty, is the greatest boxer, pound for pound, living. Many think he is the best man at his weight that boxing has ever produced, and would even back him against Ezzard Charles for the heavyweight title.

But what is more important to sport in general, and the coloured people of America in particular, is the fact that since Joe Louis went into eclipse Ray Robinson has become a different man. The six-foot Negro, who can be handsome even when he is fighting, is suddenly being hailed as an example to his race. The austere *New York Herald-Tribune* has called him "America's Fighting Ambassador." He has been given this year's Edward J. Neil Memorial award, which American boxing writers give to the man they think has contributed most to boxing as a sport.

A year ago all this adulation would have been unlikely, to put it mildly. Except for Jake LaMotta, Robinson was probably the most unpopular man in boxing. Even Harlemites, who are quickly stimulated to adoration of a Negro athlete, did not like him.

Prize fighting is a strange sport. All the world over it is a combination of brutality, maudlin sentimentality, adolescent hero worship and personal antagonisms, bound together by a rough but rigid sense of fair play. Robinson offended this sense. A newspaperman conducted a poll of his own and discovered two dozen promoters throughout the country who, rightly or wrongly, felt they had a personal grievance against the champion. And journalists liked him no better than the promoters. They said he was cold and selfish and suffered from a persecution complex. Robinson hid this complex behind a carefully contrived courtesy and an artificial modesty, calling reporters "Mister" and even "Sir"; but it was not hard to detect the sneer underneath.

Sugar spent fifteen months in the army during the war, some of the time in the guardhouse. Once, when he was on an army boxing tour in the southern states with Joe Louis, who was a sergeant, he thrashed a white military policeman. At the inquiry it was discovered that the policeman had insulted Louis, who was Robinson's idol, and apologies were made to the two fighters. Robinson also had a spell of absence without leave. In the end, however, he received an honourable discharge.

Boxer Without Weaknesses

This was the Robinson known to the world until recently. Outside the ring, many people disliked him. When he was inside the ring the same people stood up and cheered. Though Robinson says he is past his peak he remains a boxing phenomenon. In 123 fights he has lost only once—to Jake LaMotta, whom he has beaten five times. Seventy-eight of his fights have been won by knockouts. Two were drawn.

Robinson is a fighter without weaknesses. He has an unlimited variety of punches; for instance, he can pepper an opponent with a lightning combination of right hook, left jab, right cross, left hook. His footwork is like a tap dance. His energy is inexhaustible. He jigs down to the ring. He jigs to and from his corner. He jigs back to his dressing-room. His sense of co-ordination is a natural gift; he can pat his head and revolve his hand round his stomach without conscious effort. A sports writer said once: "Robinson is the only fighter that other fighters should pay to watch."

In the ring Robinson is merciless, though he seldom lets himself get involved in a grudge fight. "If you lose your temper, or hate the other guy too hard, you'll fall for a sucker punch every time," he says.

He has gone into the ring with bitterness against only two men. One was Fritzie Zivic, whom he watched massacre his enfeebled old friend, the once terrible Henry Armstrong; he nearly killed Armstrong. Robinson fought Zivic twice and won twice. His other grudge was against a rough club fighter called Sugar George Costner, who boasted publicly he would lick Robinson and go on to win the world's welterweight title. Robinson met him before the fight and said: "Say, boy, you're doing a lot of talking. You'll soon have to back up what you say." Costner answered: "No hard feelings, Ray, I was just boosting the gate." Robinson answered truthfully: "That's all very well, but when I want to boost the gate I do it by praising the other guy, not knocking him." Costner was briskly disposed of in two minutes and fifty-five seconds of the first round.

Hid Prize-money From Mother

Robinson learned the lessons of his trade in the hard but traditional school. He was born in Detroit's notorious Black Bottom district with the name of Walker Smith. After success as an amateur, he turned professional, changing his name to Ray Robinson chiefly to hide from his mother the fact that he had become a fighter. On one occasion he hid £520 in his shoe, frightened to tell her that he had won it by fighting. But she found out and boxed his ears.

In the inappropriate jargon of the prize ring he got the nickname of "Sugar" from George Gainford, his manager and lifelong friend, who kept describing his performances as "sweet as sugar." Like many other fighters, particularly Negro fighters, Robinson was haunted by the

Sugar Robinson's fists hammer furiously at Jake LaMotta in the recent championship fight

ghosts of the past, by the immortal Sam Langford who went blind and broke, by "Homicide" Henry Armstrong, on the rocks with his health wrecked. "No one will ever have to run a charity benefit for me," he said.

One of the things which caused Robinson's resentment was that it was not until 1946 that he was given a crack at the welterweight title. Mike Jacobs refused to match him. "Look at it from my point of view," he told Sugar. "You're so good that if I let you win the championship you'd kill the class. I've always got to have two or three contenders, otherwise I would lose money."

Ultimatum: Fight Or Quit

This stalemate went on so long that Ray Robinson began to despair of ever being able to fight for the championship. Then, quite suddenly, his luck changed. Jacobs lost temporary control of the situation and Robinson was in. The reigning champion, Freddy "Red" Cochrane, was cautiously determined to sell his title dearly, and insisted on £20,000 as his share of a championship fight. Jacobs refused to put up this money for Robinson, but a fighter named Marty Servo raised the money and stiffened Cochrane in four rounds.

Colonel Eddie Eagan, New York's boxing commissioner, stepped in and ordered Servo to fight Robinson. Servo pleaded an infected nose and the fight was postponed. When the fight fell due again Servo said his nose was as bad as ever. Eagan then handed Servo an ultimatum: fight or quit. Servo, with what grace he could muster, resigned. Robinson and another contender, a Negro named Tommy Bell, were at last matched for the championship.

In the meantime Robinson had been having a hard time. He had fought Artie Levine, a middleweight a stone and a half heavier than he was. Levine knocked him dizzy in the fifth round and had him down for a count of nine. The bell saved Robinson and he recovered to win by a knockout in the last round. He opened shakily in the title fight against Bell. In the second round Bell had him on the canvas and very groggy, but Robinson recovered as he had recovered against Levine, holding Bell off until his head cleared, and then licking him.

As Jacobs had forecast, with Robinson champion the opposition vaporized. But Robinson went on fighting and beating heavier men. In 1947 he defended his title for the first time against Jimmy Doyle, cutting him to ribbons before knocking him out in the eighth round. Doyle was taken to hospital and died within twenty-four hours. At the inquest, the coroner asked Robinson: "Couldn't you see from the look on his face that he was hurt?" Robinson's now famous reply was: "Mister, it's my business to hurt people."

Shocked By Opponent's Death

If Joe Louis had made such an answer it is possible he might have been praised for his honesty and forthrightness. But this was Robinson, and his reply caused a storm of indignation. He was called callous and brutal, but, in fact, he was deeply shocked by the tragedy. Without telling anybody he opened a £3,500 trust fund for Doyle's mother.

With the championship secure and money coming in, Robinson went ahead to make sure he would never become another Sam Langford. He took over a block of property on Seventh Avenue in Harlem and opened a flashy restaurant and bar, a barber's shop, a dry cleaner's, a lingerie shop and a sporting goods shop. The business has prospered from the start, with Robinson pouring his profits back into it.

But if Robinson's business life is steely and orthodox his private life is uproarious in the accepted tradition of American rags to riches. He has gone through a string of cars, each gaudier than the last. A couple of years ago it was a station wagon with "Sugar Ray Robinson" painted on it in large letters. Last year it was a chartreuse Cadillac. When a friend suggested that even Ray had reached the limit, the champion exchanged it for another Cadillac—pink to match his favourite tie. In his wardrobe Robinson keeps forty suits, twenty-five pairs of shoes, nine sports jackets, six overcoats, four light topcoats and more than a hundred shirts.

Sugar can dress for the occasion in sober £50 blue suits and Macclesfield silk ties, but his favourite suits are brighter. He recently appeared in a blue sports shirt, blue cardigan with white buttons and maroon edges, black hat, belted white polo coat and blue suede shoes.

He lives in a glossy three-room Harlem apartment with his wife, a beautiful ex-chorus girl from the Cotton Club called Edna Mae, and a baby son. This is Robinson's second marriage. He was married first when he was sixteen and has a thirteen-year-old son. He keeps his mother in splendid style in a twelve-room house which he bought for her in West Bronx. His small office is streamlined and dominated by a life-size photograph of Edna Mae, bordered with a curtain and lit with fluorescent lighting.

It was in this office that the tide of Robinson's popularity first began to turn. Last summer, when he signed to defend his welterweight title against Charlie Fusari, he offered his entire share of the gate to the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund, keeping only one dollar for himself. The public liked this gesture a lot, the newspapers praised it, Robinson glided to an easy points victory, and the cancer fund received £11,000 which Robinson could have kept for himself.

Fabulous Trip To Europe

Then came the biggest experience of Robinson's life—his trip to Europe. It is a trip which has been made many times by many famous Americans. The greatest tribute that can be paid to Robinson is that his trip stands out among the most memorable.

He disembarked at Le Havre from the *Liberté* last November, and the sight which greeted Parisians when he and his party arrived at the Gare St. Lazare was something to relish as a throwback to a sumptuous past. There was Robinson in a velvet suit and sailor hat; his beautiful wife; George Gainford, his huge black manager, in a plaid suit which would have stunned a Scotsman; Pee Wee Beale, Robinson's trainer; June Clark, his male secretary who once played the trombone in Louis Armstrong's band; Harry Wiles, Gainford's secretary; Mrs. Gainford; Shelton Oliver, Robinson's golf pro.; and Richard Simon, Robinson's barber. Before long a North African dwarf named Karoubi ("Little Jimmy") was added to the party as "bodyguard" and interpreter.

The luggage of the party consisted of thirty-two trunks, fifteen suitcases containing among other things three radios, 140 jazz records, six punching bags and ten pairs of boxing gloves. Robinson could afford to do it proud. The expenses were borne by Gilbert Benaim, the Jack Solomons of France, who had spent £1,400 bringing the party over and was getting a bill of £10 a day each from the Hotel Claridge.

Two Rounds Of Slaughter

Sugar made a round of the night spots, occasionally sipping a glass of champagne but never smoking; then he went into action. With Aly Khan, Rita Hayworth and Maurice Chevalier in the audience he knocked out Jean Stock in two rounds of slaughter. In the dressing-room afterwards Robinson was genuinely agitated by the extent of his victory. "I never like to see guys coming up for more when they're licked," he said. "I'm always scared I'm going to have another death on my hands." In Brussels, the Dutch middleweight champion Luc Van Dam went down in five rounds. In Geneva, the French middleweight Yanek Walzack stuck the distance, but there was only one fighter in it. Back in Paris Robinson got ready for his sternest test, his fight against Robert Villemain, the French middleweight champion.

In five tough rounds Robinson won. But his greatest triumph was still to come. After beating Villemain, Robinson and Company took an overnight train for the twelve-hour trip to Frankfurt to fight Hans Stretz, a hard, twenty-three year old German. After only one day's rest he went into the ring with a packed audience screaming for their blond countryman. Stretz tried to make a fight of it, but was on the canvas in the first round and down for keeps, dazed and barely conscious, in the fourth.

Robinson's performance in Europe was physical and mental courage at its highest. He voluntarily travelled far from home and in a period of two months fought five of the best men who could be put up against him. Defeat in any one of the fights would have knocked thousands off his earning power.

The Robinson who returned to America was a different man from the Robinson of a year before. To complete his conversion, his Chicago battle on February 14 against Jake LaMotta saw most of the country on his side.

Penalty For Being Too Good

From now on we will probably see Robinson fight less and less, and spend more and more time at his business. Like most great fighters with no more worlds to conquer, he is bored with his training and gets little satisfaction out of his unruffled series of victories. He wants to retire at thirty-two and possibly become a disc jockey on the radio. A favourite game of boxing writers these days is to dream up contests with Robinson against Ezzard Charles for the heavyweight title, or against Joey Maxim for the light heavyweight title. George Gainford is sure his boy could beat either, but Robinson just laughs. "Man, they want to get me killed," he says.

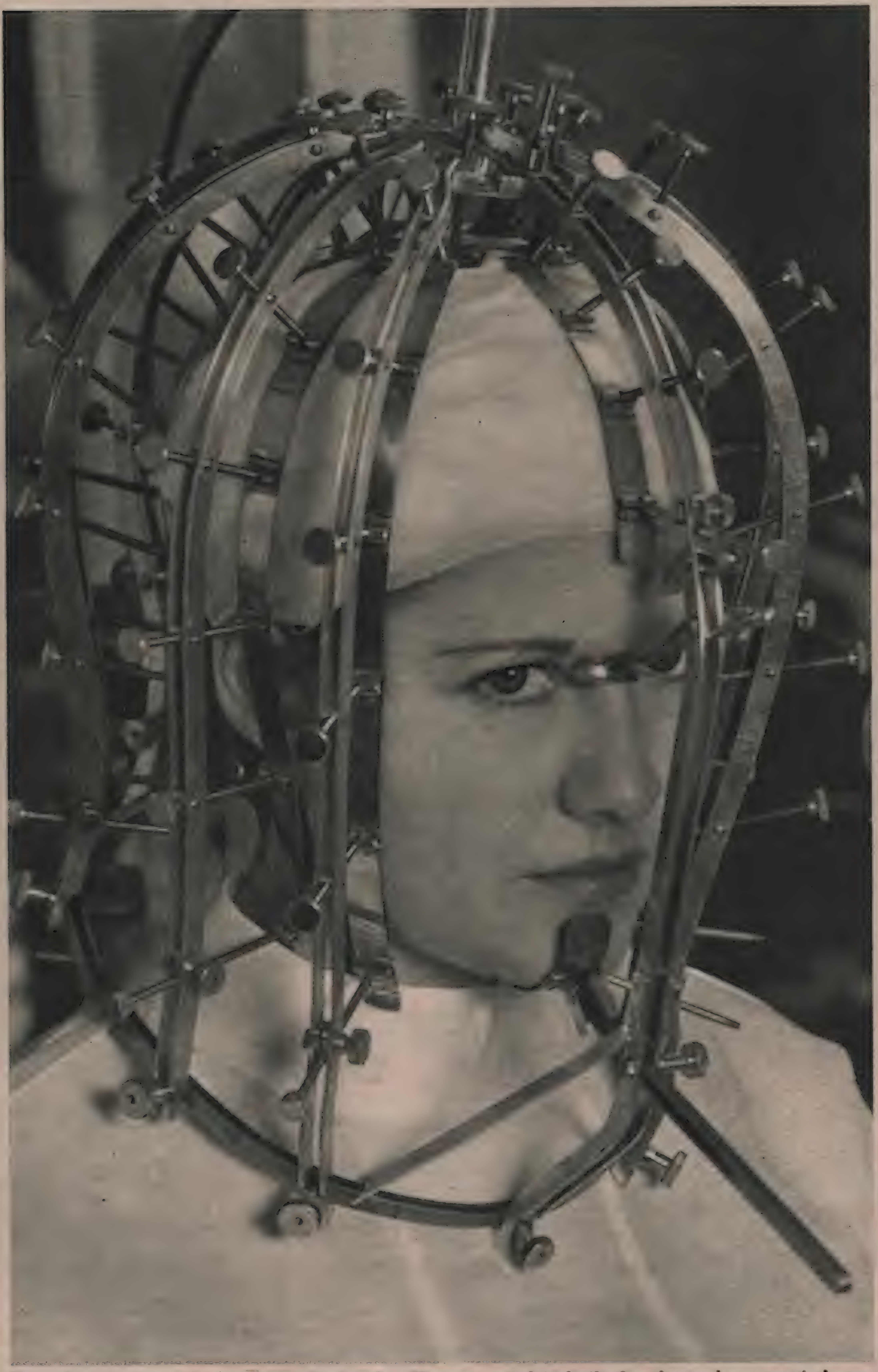
Robinson will continue to defend his middleweight title, but he has difficulty in finding opponents: that is the penalty for being too good. His place in boxing history is somewhere alongside immortals like Joe Gans and Benny Leonard. He is going in the right direction in his business and his private life, and is less distrustful of the world about him. His relations with sports writers are friendlier. In discovering that other people are nice fellows, he is also discovering that he is a nice fellow himself.

THE END

Secrets of a Hollywood make-up man

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

There are some odd angles to the art of making things seem what they are not—like creating the Frankenstein monster or teaching Japanese maidens the serious business of kissing



First step: accurately measure the head. Then a model is built for the make-up artist's use

IN THE EARLY STAGES of General Douglas MacArthur's reign, one of the most enlightened measures in the occupation of Japan became apparent. The Japanese took up kissing. Before and during the second World War, Japan was, to all intents and purposes, a kissless nation. Osculation was frowned on as immoral and barbaric, and kissing scenes were ruthlessly snipped from all films. Under the benevolent guidance of MacArthur's administration, kissing became both permissible and popular, and it was not long before this situation came to the attention of Max Frank Factor, the American cosmetician whose family has taught Hollywood a great deal about make-up.

Factor, who is frequently called Frank to distinguish him from his late and famous father, is president of Max Factor and Company.

"Was kissing invented in Hollywood?" one Japanese maiden wrote to him. Another, having noted that cinema stars usually close their eyes when kissing, asked to be advised "if this is a rule of the pastime?" One innocent inquirer wanted to know: "Is it permissible to kiss without having lipstick on the lips?"

Factor says he answers these letters to the best of his ability, but tries to avoid becoming the oracle of osculation. He is, actually, a happily married man with a wife, Mildred, and two sons, neither of whom is called Max. There is a Max Factor III but he is the son of Max II's brother, Sidney. To add to the confusion of family gatherings, Sidney's daughter is named Maxine. Brother Sidney is an executive in the company's foreign sales department. Brother Davis is chairman of the board of directors, and brother Louis is in charge of all production. Max, like his father, is a chemist and bearer of the name which goes on all the firm's "glamorizing agents."

Wigs For Charlie McCarthy

These articles range from Hamlet wigs for the ventriloquist's doll known as Charlie McCarthy, through various paints and powders right down to a material which, when applied to an actor, is guaranteed to turn him into a reasonable facsimile of an Egyptian mummy.

The million dollar business of making things seem what they are not, is based on the skill of the Max Factor who was born in Poland in 1877, and who died in Hollywood twelve years ago. His first connection with the theatre was when he sold oranges in the foyer of his home-town opera house, but to go to New York at the age of twenty-six with a wife and three children, Factor resigned a post as chief make-up artist for the Moscow Art Theatre, and set sail with a fortune of £8,000 in gold.

If the Factors were not penniless immigrants to begin with, they soon landed in that class. Father was swindled out of all his money by a partner at the St. Louis International Exposition of 1904, the year Max, junior, was born. The swindler solved one problem. The family had not been sure whether to stay in the United States. They were left with no alternative. Father salvaged what stock he could and opened a small shop in St. Louis. One of the items saved was a crude powder-making machine, now housed in the firm's grandiose studios.

Today's studios are a monument to more than one stroke of brilliance on the part of Factor, senior. The first was his decision to move from St. Louis to Los Angeles in 1907. Hollywood then consisted of orange groves and dusty, unpaved roads fourteen miles outside the city. D. W. Griffith's picture stock company, including Mary Pickford, was established on a vacant site near the Los Angeles business centre.

When the Factors set up shop, they found these screen players masquerading in heavy stick greasepaint. This material, good enough for stage use, did not fool the cameras. The

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Seeing Britain on a guinea a week

by HENRY FIRTH

For the tourists who keep to the byways and the simple life, a welcome is always waiting at the Sign of the Friendly Triangle

IN THE BOOK-LINED SITTING-ROOM of Ashley House, tucked away under the gentle green slopes of the Mendips, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Earwaker were taking afternoon tea. A tall, mellow old place, standing at the entrance to the quiet Somerset village of Croscombe, Ashley House began life as a mill in the days, 300 years or more ago, when the West Country throve on its woollens and Croscombe had six inns instead of two. Somewhere along the road someone added a wing and a gable, giving the place an air; someone else stored apples in a bedroom, starting a rot in the floor. Then an artist took the place, painted all day in an attic, slept at night in a tent in the garden. For a while, during the war, the dark old floor planks resounded to the clatter of evacuee feet.

Now, outside the mullioned windows, two boys slowly circled on red-and-yellow bicycles. "Sometimes," said Rose Earwaker, "there's a whole line of them, sitting on the wall." It was nearly five o'clock—zero hour for the Earwakers.

Harry Earwaker, a straight-spoken, ginger-moustached young man in flannel trousers and a sports coat, got up and went over to swing open the massive outer door on its long, ancient hinges. "All over Britain at this moment," he said, as we walked together down the garden path, "other Youth Hostel wardens are opening up other doors. . . ."

Through the gate in the high garden wall came the two boys wheeling the red and the yellow bicycles, exotic things with low curving handlebars, fragile naked wheels and bronze water-bottles clipped on the front. Weekenders from Poole, they plan to stay one night at Ashley House, ride the sixty miles back home next day. In the warden's office they hand in their membership cards, sign the housebook, pay three shillings each, half for bed and the rest for breakfast. For supper, they explain in their Dorset burr, they'll be "self-cookers."

A grizzled little man in the late forties follows on their heels. "Never expected to get this far today, but we had the wind behind us. Got any room for us?" He enters his name: W. S. Brown, 33 King's Court Road, Liverpool. With him is his son, a railway clerk, awaiting call-up. It is six days now since they took their bikes out of the guard's van at Shrewsbury, and they have got in 135 miles—down through the Welsh marchlands, past the majestic ruin of Ludlow Castle on its crag, down the Wye Valley over the Severn and across the foot of England.

Learning The Hostelling Lore

Earwaker's fifth customer is a lone cyclist, L. W. Sheppard, a Londoner in his twenties, giving a hostelling holiday a trial after the insistent recommendations of a friend in his office. With the Handbook of the Youth Hostels Association in his pocket, the island is his: 300 town and country houses are at his disposal. The lore of the hostelling craft quickly gets into his blood, so that "K.F.S." instantly equals a request that knife, fork and spoon be brought, "No S.B.H." immediately implies that sleeping bags are not on hire.

When the first Y.H.A. Handbook was issued twenty years ago, it contained the names of only fifty isolated hostels—and not all of those were open. Today, strategically placed at one day's walking or cycling distance apart, administered by nineteen regional councils, the hostels stud the map of Britain. There are hostel chains along the Pilgrim's Way to Canterbury, along Hadrian's Wall, along the newly formed Pennine Way, along the Wye, for canoers.

As the pile of membership cards on his desk grew, Earwaker stamped in each, in the next blank space, the stamp of Croscombe. A real hosteller, he told me, is proud of his card—a miniature log of a journey that is often resumed but never ended. And he showed me his own with 300 stamps in it.

For, like all the best Y.H.A. wardens, Harry Earwaker is just a hosteller who stayed on. In 1939 he was a clerk on the Stock Exchange. The war put paid to that. So Harry Earwaker went on the dole, married the girl he had met on his Cyclists' Touring Club weekends, and set out with her to hostel across England.

By the end of that summer they had reached Jordans, a then independent Quaker hostel perched on a Buckinghamshire hillside above the old Meeting House where William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, his wife and children, lie buried. The caretaker of the Meeting House doubled as hostel warden, but, an old man, he was feeling the strain of running up the hillside dousing flaming primuses set off by amateur "self-cookers." He invited Earwaker and his wife to stay and lend a hand. They stayed.

In due time Harry Earwaker was called up and Rose, his wife, went market gardening. But when peace came, a return to the Stock Exchange just did not seem possible. And so two more young Londoners went back to village life.

Beneath the wry oaken beams of the members' kitchen the two boys from Poole are already digging into steaming plates of baked beans—the "self-cookers'" standby—warmed up over the Calor gas-rings. During the last school holidays, working on a hostel bed and breakfast basis, they had done a week's tour from Bournemouth, taking in much of the best of England, the Wye Valley, Stratford-on-Avon and Oxford for only a guinea apiece, plus, of course, their membership which, up to sixteen, costs only two shillings a year. (Between sixteen and twenty-one it rises to five shillings; from twenty-one onwards it is ten shillings.)

The Girls From Belgium

Across the hostel's courtyard tripped two girls, carrying a canvas bag between them. Because they wore nearly white mackintoshes and were blonde with a blondeness rarely seen in England, I put them down as Swedish. But I was wrong. Their cards were inscribed *"Fédération Belgique des Auberges de la Jeunesse"*—though what the warden looks for is the triangular label of the hostelling International.

Students from Brussels, twenty-year-old Marie-Louise Rotsaert and her friend, Mme. Tellier, have hitch-hiked over for the weekend from the "Lend-A-Hand-On-The-Land" camp at Trowbridge where they have been improving their English and getting in potatoes. They book for two days, "self-cooking for supper, please, but, ah, *oui*, le breakfast, yes?" But one girl's membership had expired a year ago and she has to renew it. Altogether, with sleeping-bag hire, that will be 13s. 3d. "Yes, thank you, but then, perhaps, not the breakfast, no."

Earwaker said to me afterwards: "How sick I used to get when well-to-do English tourists were moaning about 'starving' on their thirty-five pounds allowance. At that time I was getting

Earwaker books in an American student, walking through Europe. She had just arrived from France

Hikers need not worry about where to sleep. One day's walk apart, youth hostels stud the map

here young Dutch students with a couple of pounds for their whole trip. When I asked them about meals they'd say: 'We have our bread.' At first I thought they just didn't know the language properly. Then I found out they meant just that. They toured on bread."

Handling over 1,000 overseas hostellers a year, the Earwakers say you develop a sort of sixth sense, so that you can spot nationality almost infallibly on sight. Admittedly it is not always difficult. The Swedes, for instance, generally turn up on enormous twenty-year-old bicycles with upturned handlebars and stands. With the Americans, blue jeans are almost a uniform and even when hostelling they are highly organized. "Venture Trails, Inc.," has fleets of new English bicycles waiting on the quayside so that as soon as the ship docks the students can pedal off to do England in ten days, via Bath, Stratford, Oxford and—with a pause to dry and iron the blue jeans—London.

For the most part, Croscombe is a cyclists' hostel, which explained Earwaker's enthusiasm when, soon after seven o'clock, a tall, slight figure with rimless spectacles and an enormous rucksack strode in. "Let me introduce you to a real walker," Earwaker told the common-room. "He's done the twenty miles from Bath today." The new arrival turned out to be a university student named Barker from Hampstead, filling in a spare week before term began with a hostelling tour through Somerset and Devon, winding up on the Cornish coast at Bude.

Barker was one of the three hostellers that night who booked ahead—the other sixteen just turned up. And though Earwaker admits it is often the "genuine hosteller" who does not book, as a warden he knows what causes his worst headaches. That is why Advance Booking Vouchers, prepaying for meals and beds, with a simple accept-or-return arrangement have today become a key part of the Y.H.A. machinery. From April onwards, Earwaker may get fifty A.B.V.s a day. In the ten-week peak season he feeds and lodges 3,000 people. But he also turns 2,000 others away. In the Lakes, in Snowdonia and other celebrated national show-places it is even worse.

A solid, three-course meal with all the vegetables out of the Earwakers' own garden, dinner is dished up off the big, gleaming stove at half past seven. The Earwakers sit down with their guests, and the talk around the trestle tables, and in the common-room afterwards, is of things seen and people met—the emotion recollected in tranquillity which Wordsworth said was poetry.

The Nightly Croscombe Joke

The arguments are the old arguments, delivered with an ever-fresh gusto. "You can tell the real cyclists by the way they go for the side-roads. You won't see the real cyclists if you stick to the main roads. . . ." "Met a chap with a Raleigh Record Ace who had done 150 miles down from London in a day—and he's going back tomorrow. Can't see the sense of it myself. He'll have his head down all the way. Won't see a thing. Now we haven't set ourselves a big mileage. . . ." Rubber soles versus nails for climbing; rambling parties, to be tolerated or deplored; hostels, big—or small? (Croscombe—M.30, W.20—is generally voted an ideal size.) Then the Croscombe Joke makes its nightly appearance. "Know what that last hostel at Bridport used to be? A hangman's rope factory!"

This is not altogether unlikely, for every sort of building has been pressed into service as a youth hostel. At St. Briavels on the Wye, the Y.H.A. took over a massive medieval castle; at Houghton, near Huntingdon, hostellers sleep among the machinery of a beautiful old mill; at Alnwick in Northumberland the hostel is an old Border Tower; at Haworth, the Brontës' old school house.

After discussion of the last hostel comes discussion of the last warden—the warden who recites the weather forecast at breakfast like an actor delivering *Hamlet*; the warden who has moods; the seaside warden who fines everyone returning after the closing hour of 10 p.m.

What sort of man becomes a hostel warden? "We," apologized Rose Earwaker, "are comparatively conventional." One popular warden was a priest in a Dutch Roman Catholic sect, famed for his vegetarian table; another was an ex-schoolmaster. Some wardens wear the badge of the Peace Pledge Union, many are in some way or other "progressive," finding in their hostels perhaps some small instalment of their private Utopias.

Though the job can be trying and the pay is not good, there is rarely any lack of applicants. In the Earwakers' region, wardens get a fixed wage of £4 10s. and all found, but, next door, in Cornwall, the figure is £2, plus a fluctuating share of the profit on meals. This pay the Earwakers are able to supplement a little by growing their own vegetables, which they sell to the hostel at market prices. Sums up Earwaker: "Of course, if you ever had any ambition you'd never start in on a job like this, but I'm not so sure ambition is a good thing, anyway."

After supper there are three more walkers, from Leeds, to book in, and a girl who has hitch-hiked down from Birmingham. It took her, she says, two hitches—a lorry and a sort of station-wagon, with the last twenty miles after dark by local bus.

Split Over The Hitch-Hikers

The Y.H.A., which bars motorists and motorcyclists, is split on hitch-hikers—although in practice it accepts them. Warden Earwaker belongs to the school that makes a distinction between the walkers who get casual lifts and the professional hitchers who get their holiday transport at someone else's expense.

Earwaker said: "I shall be sending them to bed in a few minutes." Youth hostel lights-out is 10.30 p.m. But what if they do not go? In case of trouble the warden is empowered to retain the offender's card, thus effectively suspending him from membership till further inquiry has been made. But with a score of 27,000 "bed-nights" to his credit, Earwaker has never had to keep a card back yet, although he adds that, of course, with "rough" Somerset cider on tap in the local pubs at sevenpence a pint, there may be times when you must know how to look the other way a bit.

The first job on arrival, says the hostellers' book of rules, is to make up one's bed, and now, under the steep thatched timbers of the men's dormitory, reached by a narrow wooden ladder, the double-decker beds are ready. Wire mattresses creak and sing as one by one the hostellers make the ascent. Soon the old stones of Ashley House are wrapped in silence.

At breakfast next morning, all eyes survey the sky. The wind, someone discovers, has turned in the night. As breakfast ends, Warden Earwaker produces a list scribbled on a bit of card. Four people wanted for washing up. One to do the pans—it's an easy job really. Two to sweep out the dormitories—"and will you please watch that bit under the stairs?"

Three-quarters of an hour later the little community was breaking up. At a few minutes past ten Earwaker walked out and bolted the garden door. Then, returning to his office, he settled down to the morning's pile of Advance Booking Vouchers. For seven hours the quiet would last, and then, once again the cycles would circle outside the mellow old walls of Ashley House and Harry Earwaker would go out across the garden to offer Britain's youth, from five to ninety, the simple hospitality of another of their 300 town and country houses. THE END

Mr. Butter's ocean crossing

by DAVID WALKER

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT BAILEY

Too many drinks, too much playing about—that was the truth of it. But here was a woman who could understand

MR. BUTTER CLIMBED OVER the end of the gangway. Inside the ship it was noisy, too, but different from the hard sounds of the quay. It was a humming and a chatter. He hovered a bit there, on his two drunk feet, swinging his brief case.

"Your cabin number, sir?"

"B twenty-six," said Mr. Butter.

"This way, sir, please."

Mr. Butter followed the trim white jacket.

They have rubbery stuff on the floors of the corridors, and you pad along small, between the hum and the drum, past the blue light for gentlemen and the red sign for ladies, past the cabin alcoves which sound hollow for a second. You keep your mind on it all the way, flattening for the people, holding your boozy breath, crossing to the other side between the elevator and the mirrors, putting the stub in the sandy box. And there you are at B twenty-six.

"This is your cabin, sir," said the anonymous jacket. There was another steward there, making welcoming sounds.

"Thanks," said Mr. Butter, and went into the cabin.

There were two berths, one near the porthole and one away. Mr. Butter's suitcases had arrived already. The cabin steward followed him in. He must speak to this fellow. It was a round face, pale and flabby and friendly. Mr. Butter kept his left hand on the chair and held out his right.

"How d'you do," he said, shaking. He still felt hazy and happy. "Are you my caretaker?"

"Yes, Mr. Butter," said the steward.

"What's your name?"

"Ransom, sir." The big face smiled at him.

Mr. Butter smiled back, feeling the tightness on his cheek, feeling the wrinkles not there, quite young. "Where do you come from?"

"Liverpool, sir. Leastways, that's where I'm living. The wife and I have a prefab. Shall I unpack the suitcases, sir?"

"A prefab? That's interesting. You can unpack that one if you like. Are the prefabs good?"

"Yessir. Is it locked, sir?"

"I dunno," Mr. Butter said. "Can't remember." He sat back on the bed with his legs stuck out, undid his collar, watching clever Ransom at the unpacking.

"Good for the likes of us, sir," said Ransom, "the kids being grown up and two of them away now, I mean. Wonderful little house with fridge and everything."

"Always wanted to see a prefab," Mr. Butter said. "How many children?"

"Well, sir, there's Bob on the railways. Married he is. And Margaret at the laundry. She's a pretty kid, although I says it myself. And Stanley, the clever one, he's working in a bank. We called him Stanley after the Prime Minister. Wouldn't do it again, though." Ransom opened the wardrobe and began to put away the clothes. "I wrote to tell him, but we never got no reply. Wrong address, must have been."

"I've got three kids, too," Mr. Butter said. "It was four, but the eldest boy was killed in the R.A.F."

Ransom tutted. "Sorry to hear that, Mr. Butter."

"Here, look at this," said Mr. Butter; and then there was a delay while he felt for it. It wasn't in any of the usual ones, but he found it in his hip pocket. "Two of them are grown up now," he said, holding out the small case for Ransom to see.

"Fine family, sir," said Ransom.

"Yes." He felt his eyes swimmy. "I've lost them all, though, in a way. I'm divorced. Too many drinks, too much playing about. Don't blame her really, but there's a lot of temptation in my job—travelling, I mean."

"Sorry, sir," said Ransom, and he did look sorry.

After that Ransom showed his photographs. "I'm worried over Stan, sir. That's Stanley, the clever one."

What a decent fellow Ransom was. It was quiet in the cabin, and although he was beginning to need another, he still wasn't minding the need.

"Stanley's got mixed up with a bad girl, sir. A proper young bitch, she is. Real loose—you know the type, sir. But there's nothing I can do with Stan. He's fair infatuated with her. He was downright rude when I spoke to him last night."

Ransom got the ties straightened out neatly on the piece of string. Then he turned around. Mr. Butter looked closely at him for the first time. It was an honest, uninhibited face.

"What would you do, sir, in that case?"

WITH an effort, Mr. Butter clasped his hands round his knees. Then he let them slip down again, flop on the counterpane. It was lovely when people would ask him for advice.

"You're sure she's a bad one?" he said, remembering nice things about other bad ones.

"Oh, yes, sir, a proper bad lot."

"Does Stanley want to marry her?"

"Hasn't spoken of it yet, sir."

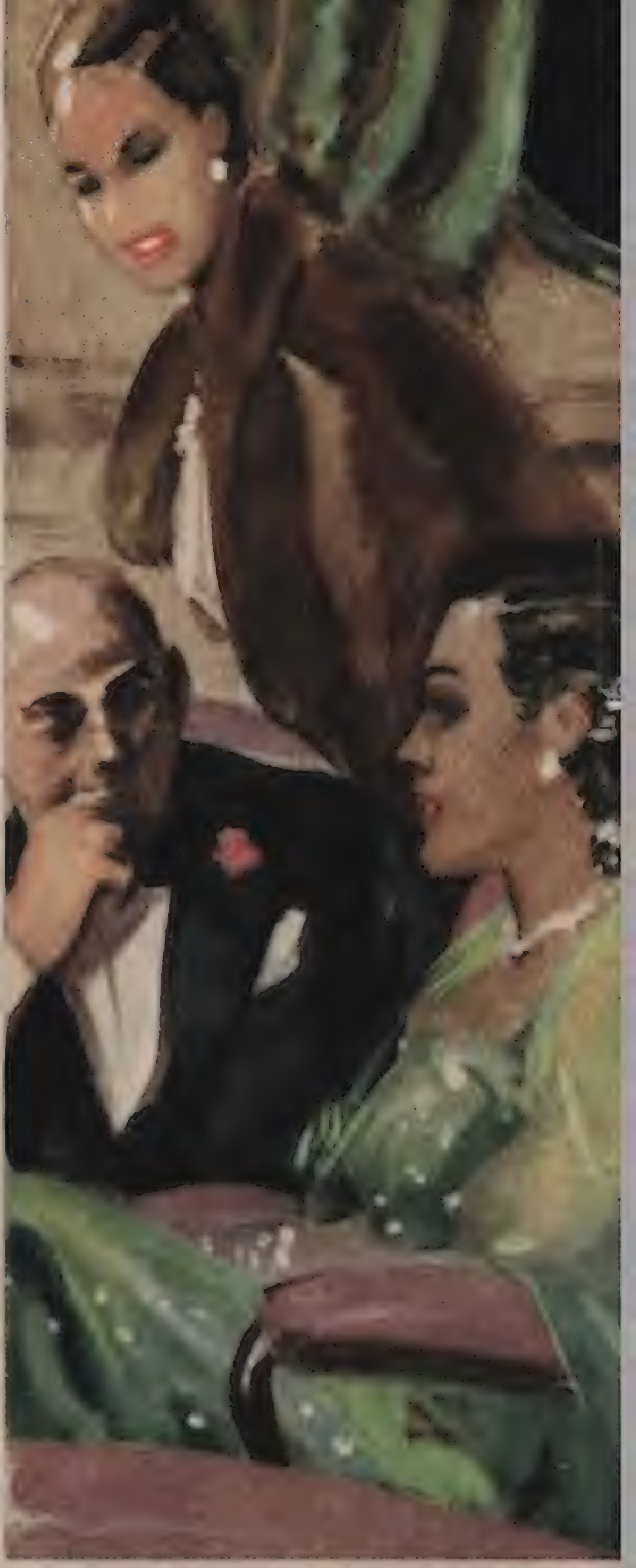
"Well, as long as he doesn't, wouldn't it be best just to let the thing work itself out?" Mr. Butter gestured with his hand, palm up, palm down. "I mean, let him go on till he gets tired of her?"

Ransom looked distressed. "I wouldn't want that, sir. Not with Stan being such a good boy, like. It'd do him harm."

"He's bound to learn sometime," Mr. Butter said. "You learned and I learned. We all learned. The more we are together. . . ." Damn! He was being stupid. "I say, would you mind just opening that other suitcase?" he said, to cover it up. He closed his eyes, feeling the tremble of the wood panelling behind his head.

"Yes, sir," came the steward's voice.

"Could I have the bottle on top?" Mr. Butter opened his eyes again. Ransom took the bottle in his hand. He cleared his throat respectfully, like a butler. "If I may suggest, sir," he said, "wouldn't you like a nice sleep now instead?"



Mr. Butter hadn't seen her before. He follo

THE man at the bar wore a linen suit and one of those electric ties. He was a big fellow, with a deep yellow tan.

"A bit calmer now, sir," Mr. Butter said. He always prided himself on his politeness, calling strangers sir. There was a courtesy about it.

"That really was a sea today," said the other, looking down at his glass. It was a dark drink, strong-looking. Mr. Butter could see the alcohol oiling round the ice, and the ice and the liquor heaving this way, that way. He still felt queasy himself.

"Will you have a drink?" he asked.

"Thanks," said the other. He had a slow voice. "I'll have the usual. It's rye."

Mr. Butter signalled to the barman. The whole damn place was creaking. It was a high sound, like mice in the rafters, but steady, pulsating all the time, sounding above the jabber of voices.

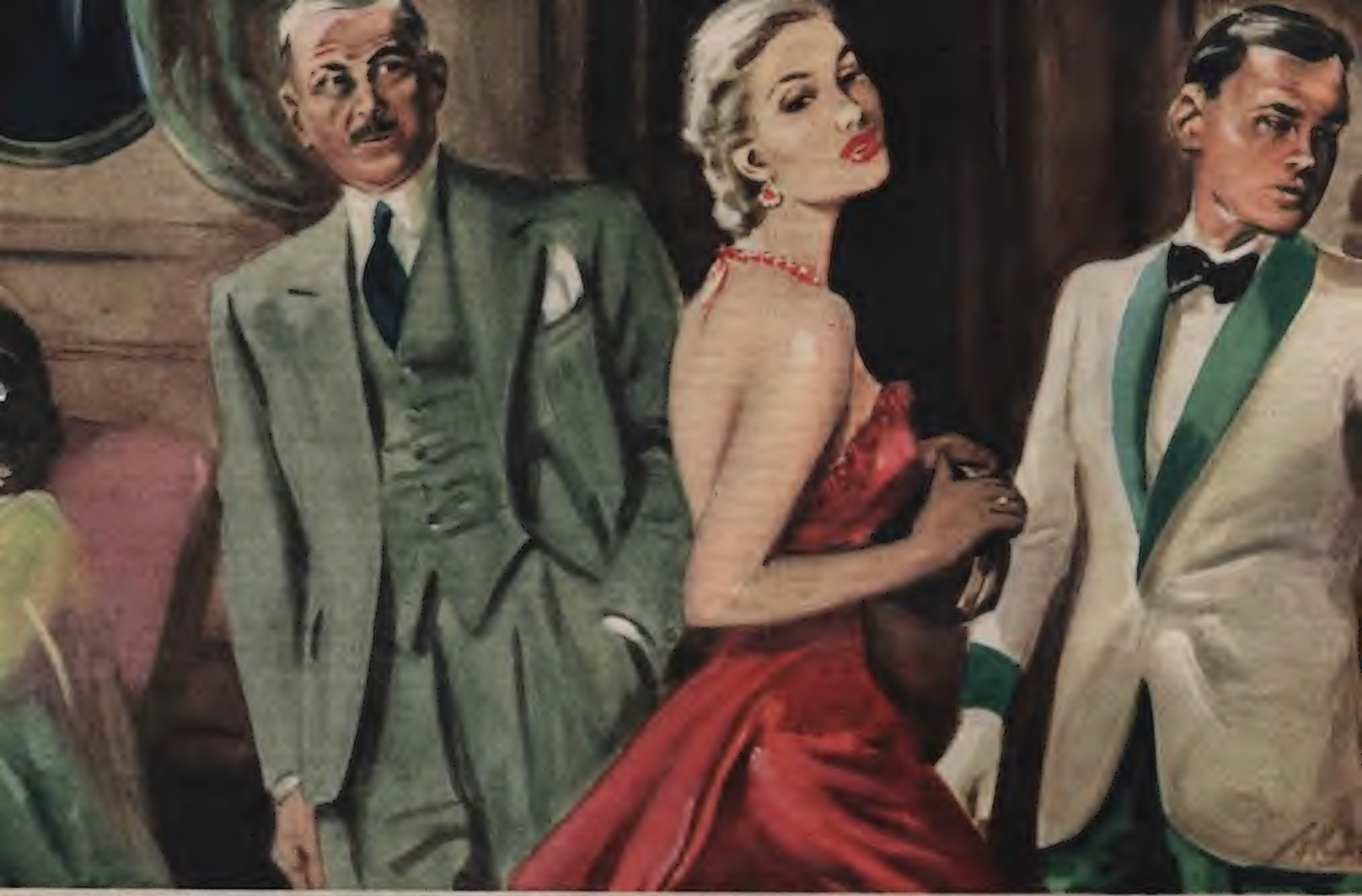
Harry came back with the double doubles.

"This is my forty-second crossing," Mr. Butter said.

"You must be quite a traveller," said the American, with half a smile. He had a sombre sort of face, but he was not unfriendly.

"Yes, it's my job. I travel for Welford's, biggest drug manufacturers in England."

We don't want to be hard on someone who has



ed her into the lift, keeping his eyes on her. She had a good figure. The girls still liked him, he thought. Yes, the girls still liked Billy Butter

served us so well, Butter. But we must guard our reputation. Now take that unfortunate incident in Vancouver. You only have to see the sales sheets for western Canada to know it has done us harm. If it had been anyone else . . . recognize your ability . . . last chance. . . . Well, that was fair enough.

"Have you been over on a trip?" he asked.

"I'm back from Arabia. Been working at the oil wells down there."

The good feeling was rising up in Mr. Butter now. What other people said only gave you a cue for your own things.

"I was out that way once," he said, "at a place called Bahrein. It was damned hot and nothing but desert."

"That's near where we're located," said the other, "'n' it's still hotter'n hell." He looked thoughtfully at his glass.

"I was stuck there for three weeks that time," Mr. Butter went on inexorably. "In the old days, it was. Terrible place, nothing to do, and no drink, not after the first night. And what with the head I had next morning and missing the ship, I wasn't quite myself, I can tell you." He listened to his own voice talking on. It was interesting. A pity this fellow was so tied up in himself.

He followed her into the lift. She had a good figure. He hadn't seen her before. Been celibate for too long anyway. She turned around. There were just themselves and the liftman. She looked at him with a flutter of her eyelashes. He felt the familiar stroke of pleasure, and they both smiled. "Where have you been all the time?" he said, meaning, all my life.

"I was laid low on the rough days."

"Will you have a drink?" he said, when they got out.

"How kind. I should love a drink." She had a foreign accent; French, was it? They walked along to the bar. A sofa was empty and they sat down. Mr. Butter ordered the drinks.

"I was lucky to meet you in the lift," he said.

She smiled, but said nothing; well used to that. Then he talked to her, making his small jokes. He had done it so often before. You acquired those clever tricks which made up for being a bit long in the tooth.

"Yes, it's the first time I've been over since the war," she said, "but I used to go twice a year. I sell dresses."

"That's a lovely dress you're wearing." It *was* a lovely dress, too—wine coloured, perfect for a woman of thirty-five.

"I think you know all the answers," she said, looking at him, perhaps a little proud of the idiom.

"I could never know them all with you," he said, roguishly. "Have another drink."

When it came, he said: "To your brown eyes and fair hair!"

Her hair was probably dyed, but those were the hair and eyes that Mary used to have. Mary on the honeymoon, Mary that time on the hill; and all the quarrels, and the last time when she said she'd had enough. Mary was better than the lot of them.

He said, charmingly: "I never met a girl with such poise."

"Such flattery," she said. "Such a handsome flatterer."

Yes, they still liked him. They liked him very much most of the time.

It was a small sofa. Mr. Butter let his right foot slide an inch or two under the table. There! He was touching her. Tingle, tingle, his thin sock and her nylon stocking, not much between them. Bold as brass, that was Billy Butter's motto.

"Billy Butter's my name," he said. He looked at her until she answered, with a smile: "And I am called Louise Remontre."

"Will you dance with me after dinner?" It was a low dress, and she had a magnificent figure.

"I would love that."

"Tell me," he said, playing the gentlest frou-frou with her ankle, "have you been sleeping well on the ship?"

"Fairly well," she said, dilating her nostrils, puzzled and titillated. "And you?"

"As well as a lonely man ever sleeps."

It wasn't bad, the ship's orchestra, and she danced with sympathy. They were close strangers. "I used to be married," he said while they danced. It was a slow foxtrot, good for talking, good for melancholy.

"Who wasn't?" she said, arching her eyebrows at him.

But he wanted to tell her. She would like to hear. They generally liked to hear. "My wife divorced me."

"*Je m'en fiche,*" she said rudely, and she stiffened in his arms.

"Don't be unsympathetic!"

"I have to protect myself," she said in her charming voice.

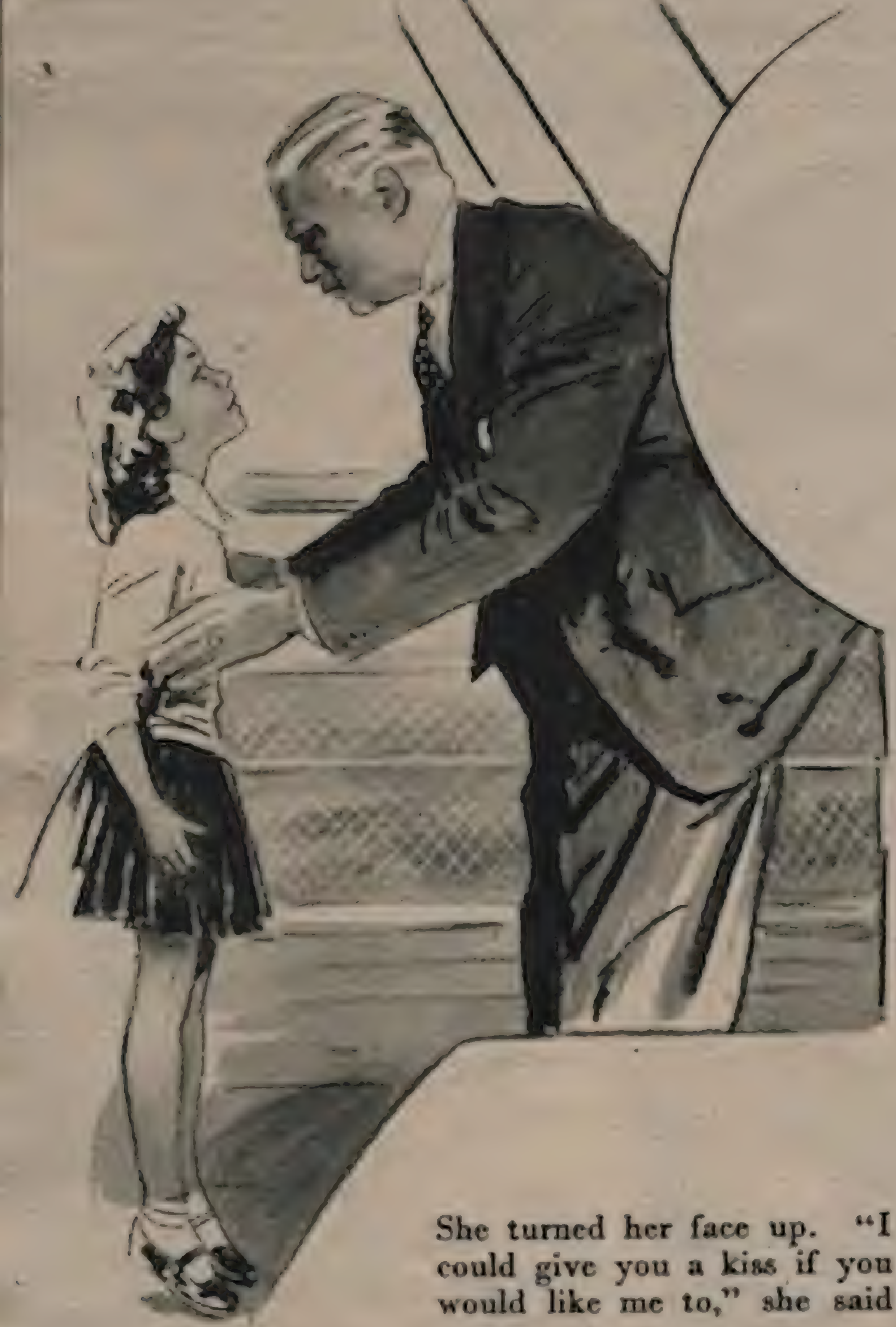
"Come outside," he said when the music ended.

They walked round the deck. It was quiet enough except for a light bluster beyond the plate-glass windows.

"It's a lonely feeling on deck at night," he said. "Or it would be a lonely feeling." There was no one about. He put his arm round her waist. It was firm and lovely.

"Be lighthearted," she said suddenly. "I can't bear it any other way."

"D'you see that light over there?" he said. "That's Cape Race. That's the first land we



She turned her face up. "I could give you a kiss if you would like me to," she said

have passed, my dear. It's Newfoundland."

"For me, land is not land when we pass it by."

"It was your people who came over first."

"That is true," she said, and squeezed his arm. She wasn't so hard after all, but she'd learned something which he had never learned.

"Listen, Louise!" he said while they watched the intermittent light, and he whispered fiercely to her.

RANSOM said: "Nice morning on deck, sir." That was what they always said, poor devils, not getting up there themselves.

It was strange to feel the ship quite steady. And he was cool himself, without the warm support. Billy Butter on the water wagon. One way it was better and one way worse; it left you uneasy and restless.

The deck was crowded. Mr. Butter stopped to talk to people on the way round. They were pleasant to him, but reserved. Mr. Butter, he's one we can be sorry for, so long as he doesn't ask us for sympathy, so long as he doesn't tell us the whole damned story.

Louise was sitting in her chair. She had a sheltered place beside a ventilator fan. It buzzed all the time. She put her book down.

"And how are you?" she said, smiling at him as if it was still the beginning.

"Very well, thank you, Louise."

She would say: Don't tell me, Billy—Beelly—just like that. So he climbed the stairs to the boat deck, and then to the very top one, where they played deck games.

He stood at the rail for a little, watching the north bank of the St. Lawrence, the houses down at the water's edge and the steep woods behind them, bright in the morning sun.

There was a small girl near him, holding the lower rail.

"It's nice to see the houses and the little boats," said Mr. Butter.

"I like the cars best," she said. "They look like toy ones. My daddy says the river is very ro—romantic." She stumbled over the word.

"Yes, it is romantic," Mr. Butter said.

"What does that mean?" She turned her serious face up to his.

"Romantic means so many things." He thought for a moment. "This time, I think it means that everything is new for the people who come here. You see, it's not so different from long ago when the first white people sailed up the river in their small ships. Now there are a few houses and towns, but behind them are the same woods, and they go on and on. And someone who sails up here thinks: This is new to me like it was to all the others, and the woods are mine. I shall be like the traveller in his canoe long ago. I shall find what I shall find, and no one will stop me. The big rivers and the woods will call to me; and if I am strong enough I shall belong to them. Then, even when I'm in a big city, I shall remember."

"Is that what *you* feel?" she asked.

"That's what I used to feel. I hope you feel it."

"Yes, I do," she said. "It's like the first time you climb up a wall. Then it's your own wall and you can see the other side and you're the king of the castle."

"That's exactly it," he said, smiling at her. "Are you coming over to Canada to live?"

"Yes. My daddy's an engineer. We come from Leeds and we're going to Toronto." She said it all off quickly. "I'm called Rosemary. I'm ten next birthday."

"I'm called Billy Butter," Mr. Butter said. "Mr. Bread and Butter to you."

"Mr. Bread and Butter," she said with delight. "What a lovely name!" She repeated it several times.

"Shall we play a game?" he said. "We can stop if any interesting things come past."

He got the long shovels. "We have to push these round things and try to get them into the squares. I play from the men's line and you play from the ladies', only perhaps you'd better go farther forward. There's a special line for ladies who haven't had their tenth birthday. Here it is."

"I don't see the line," she said.

"It's invisible," he said, "but it's there all the same."

"That's a nice game," she said, after they had played for a bit. "What's its name?"

"I can't remember for sure," he said. "It's called pushboard or shuffleboard or something. We could invent a name if you like."

They had to stop to see a ship passing, but afterwards they went on with the game.

"I've thought of a name," said Rosemary suddenly. "Can we call it 'Butterboard'?"

Mr. Butter laughed. "Thank you, Rosemary," he said. "That's the nicest thing that could happen. Think of having a game called after me! Yes, Butterboard is a wonderful name."

"I hear the gong," said Rosemary, and she put down her board. "I have early lunch."

She hovered there on her two small legs. "I could give you a kiss if you would like me to," she said solemnly.

Mr. Butter bent down for her to kiss him. "Goodbye, Rosemary," he said. He watched her go across the deck, so lightly and so quickly.

MR. BUTTER had a bad night's sleep. He dozed and woke and dozed again, and once, perhaps it was about three o'clock, when the June night was wearing on and not showing any signs of being over yet, he got out of bed and went over in bare feet to the open porthole to hear the quiet river water swishing by out there in the coolness, in the freedom, and to see a few lights shining brightly on the bank.

Mr. Butter got back into bed and soon he did sleep. He bobbed about on the top of sleep, like a punt floating empty on a choppy pond; sleeping high up, that was the feeling, and he hardly had to struggle at all to come out of sleep when the main vibration stopped and the day was growing outside above the river, and the quay noises sounded in another country.

"I'd better get up," he said to himself. But he lay a while longer, thinking it was over for the forty-second time, in old ships and new ships, in peacetime and war, in smooth seas and hurricanes, drunk and sober, with tall girls and small brunettes, and once at the captain's table, but that was long ago, and each time feeling a little smaller than the time before, more scared of the hard, solid world beyond the gangway.

Mr. Butter shaved himself with a new blade. Then he put on his blue suit, the dark one that fitted him so well.

Ransom came in after a while for his cases.

"I'll take them ashore for you, Mr. Butter. You'll find them under 'B.'" He hesitated a second, picked up the two cases and turned to go.

Mr. Butter followed him out to the narrow alcove. "Here, Ransom," he said painfully. "Thanks for looking after me so well."

"Thank you, Mr. Butter. I'm much obliged to you, sir." His big fat face was suddenly very kind, not like that cordial mask stewards wear, and he looked closely at Mr. Butter. "It's been a pleasure having you. Now take care of yourself, Mr. Butter."

"Thank you," said Mr. Butter. He was touched. "I hope it works out all right about Stanley."

He met Ryan, the oilman, coming out of the dining-room. "Be seeing you some time," Ryan said, shaking hands.

"We're sure to meet," said Billy Butter. He was going to say: Sure to meet on a couple of bar stools somewhere, but then he didn't feel like saying it.

AFTER that, it was really time to be going ashore. He hoped, in a way, he wouldn't meet Louise. Even with all the times it had happened, however much of a monkey he had been, he'd never thought of it as a sweet thing done and gone. There was a piece of eternity in it, an intimate stillness, something never ended. And he knew women always felt that. So he felt sadness at eternity so lightly come by.

But he did meet Louise just at the corner where the shop was. They moved out of the current of people. She looked very lovely and chic, and was in a plain black dress for the city, which might have cost a fortune.

"Hallo, Beelly," she said. He looked at her and she looked at him, both knowing they knew something which no one else in the world could know exactly. She didn't say: Shall I see you again, or: Have a good time, or: *A bientôt.* She said: "Goodbye, Beelly. Try and find yourself a coat of armour," which was rather a queer thing for her to say to him. And he knew how very well she understood, and he caught the lightest zephyr of that perfume she used.

"I believe you need one, too," he said.

"*Vraiment,*" she said. "But I can hide it better, Beelly."

So they parted, and he was glad that he had known Louise Remontre, who could understand an ageing, drink-sodden Lothario and wasn't so hard under her hardness.

Small Rosemary was beside the gangway.

"Hallo, Rosemary," he said.

She looked blankly at him. But he took off his black hat. Then she smiled.

"Hallo, Mr. Bread and Butter," she said. "I'm waiting here for my mummy." She had on a pale blue coat and pale red hat. She looked very sweet indeed, and she made his heart turn over, just as she had done yesterday.

"Don't forget the man in the canoe," he said.

"I'll always remember," said Rosemary, in her soft, small voice.

"Come on now, Rosemary, dear," said her mother, taking Rosemary's hand and giving Mr. Butter one of those distracted I-wonder-who-on-earth-she's-picked-up-now kind of nervous smiles, and they went off down the gangway.

Mr. Butter followed them. "I never remember a damned thing," he said aloud to himself.

"Watch the step, sir," said the man at the bottom.

Mr. Butter set foot to ground and walked along the echoing, lonely shed, with no one to meet him, to the other end where the "B"s were.

He put his sample cases on the table first, and opened them up.

"*Bonjour, Monsieur le Douanier,*" he said cheerfully to the French Canadian. He had a wonderful way with customs people. THE END

Harding sorts his mail into "For," "Agin," "Monstrosities," "Fluffs." One of the files grows fast

Gilbert Harding begs to differ

by DAVID CLAYTON

The big man who talks for a living can be guaranteed to say something different—provocative, cantankerous or outrageous

WHEN POLICE CONSTABLE Gilbert Harding was an obscure and unhappy member of the Bradford City police force back in 1933, his appetite for begging to differ with anyone who wore stripes was the subject of much discussion at district police stations. There was, for instance, the little difference with one of his sergeants over the correct spelling of the word "accommodation."

P.C. 255 Harding, who, since being abandoned by the Force, has earned a national reputation for scholarship in radio quizzes, was of the opinion that when he was at Cambridge they spelt it with one "m" and two "c's," or perhaps two "m's" and one "c." Never, he felt sure, with two of both.

It was the sergeant's turn to beg to differ whenever the word appeared in one of Harding's reports. He did so, often. And sometimes he would follow up with a few strong observations of what he thought of college coppers—especially when they had too much "lip."

"Of course, my dear friend," booms Gilbert Harding, "the man was quite right. I wasn't cut out for the Force." Then, bending from a great height and peering hard through his thick glasses in the way that sometimes frightens televiewers, he adds: "Come to think of it, I've never found out exactly what it is I *am* cut out for. It's getting a bit late in the day now."

It was not long afterwards that the higher-ups in the Bradford police began to have doubts that their fruity-voiced recruit who could quote Latin and Greek would ever make a good Trenchard man. When week followed week without Constable Harding once apprehending a wrongdoer, the doubts increased. When, finally, he phoned for heavy reinforcements to come quickly to overpower an elderly cripple who was putting up a stiff fight despite his crutches, he decided that he really was a square peg. He made up his mind to try his talents where he could use his heaven-sent gift of the gab. "I went back to schoolmastering," he says. "Still a square peg, you know. Now I talk for a living."

Gilbert Harding, soon to be forty-four, after roughly a dozen jobs, has talked himself into becoming a national figure. The B.B.C., by appointing him Question Master of *Twenty Questions*, has made him the logical successor to the rapid-fire Stewart MacPherson. As joint quiz-master with Lionel Hale on the scholarly *Round Britain Quiz*, millions of listeners switch on to hear him in a session of academic baiting of Professor Denis Brogan and Hubert Phillips every Sunday evening, or to one of the numerous recorded programme repeats, the proceeds of which make him one of the highest-paid freelance broadcasters in Britain today.

Rotary clubs and secretaries of lecture societies regard him as a speaker who can be guaranteed to draw a full house at any time. In winter he delivers an average of two lectures a week in England, Scotland or Wales, often travelling overnight to do so. Despite the fact that his opening remarks usually consist of pulling to bits everything the chairman has said in his introductory speech, Harding usually gets asked back for a second meeting. If the lunch was good he usually obliges.

Bachelor Has Last Word

But it is as the slightly cantankerous, opinionated, bachelor differer of *We Beg To Differ*, the broadcast tug-of-war between the sexes which is also seen on television, that Harding has made his mark. When the others have had their say, it is Harding who keeps the ball rolling with some outrageous personal observation guaranteed to bring stacks of letters to the Aeolian Hall in Bond Street, or to Harding's small flat in London Road, Twickenham. Whether it is central heating, public schools, how to bring up baby, the future of British films, or how to get the best out of the meat ration (on which he is an expert), Harding can be guaranteed to be in there saying something different.

"It is a matter of great surprise and some grief to me," he sometimes says, quizzically, to anyone who will listen, "a great grief, in fact, that I get so many scurrilous letters. Many listeners think I am a MONSTER. What friends I have will tell you otherwise. So, for that matter, will many of my enemies."

Whatever opinion Harding's friends or enemies (calculated by experts to work out at roughly six of one to half a dozen of the other) may hold about him, nobody denies that in everything he does he is larger than lifesize.

Harding is, in fact, a living legend in places as far apart as Cyprus, where he was once a schoolmaster, and Chicago, where he was a frequent broadcaster in the war years. He has the knack, somehow, of making himself remembered anywhere he happens to have visited in twenty years of restless wandering from job to impermanent job. Recently, Wynford Vaughan Thomas (who declares that one day when he has stopped wandering he will sit down to write a book entitled *What is Gilbert Harding?*) visited Canada. In Montreal, he stepped out of the plane and into a taxi. Immediately, the driver, noting his accent, asked if he had ever come across a big guy with a big voice, name of Harding, back in London.

"Gee, bud," said the cabbie, "when that guy Harding was here in wartime, it was like as if we had a three-ring circus in town every day of the week. We sure miss him."

"People always miss me when I leave a job or a town," comments Harding. "Their

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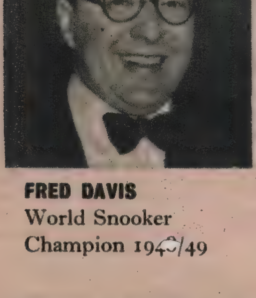

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reasons for doing so vary. They are usually of deep relief."

Gilbert Harding was born in Hereford on Derby Day, 1907. His father was master of the workhouse there and his mother was the matron. When his father died, Gilbert was sent to school at the Royal Orphanage in Wolverhampton, where he won a scholarship to Cambridge.

"Life was pleasant," he says. "I read a lot, ate a lot, drank enough, and that is all." After graduating he studied at a Church of England theological college, disagreed with his tutors on points of doctrine, and was converted to Roman Catholicism.

Then followed a quick succession of teaching jobs in preparatory schools, a period as a tutor in Nova Scotia, more teaching jobs and the inevitable brushes with whoever happened to be in authority over him at the time. Then he decided to study law. He passed all his examinations except his Finals, for which he never found time to sit. By that time war had broken out. Harding volunteered for the Army, was turned down, applied to the Monitoring Service of the B.B.C., and was accepted.

Genius For Stunts

Gilbert Harding versus the Monitoring Service is still talked about wherever broadcasters gather. The later fight of Harding versus the B.B.C. Outside Broadcast department is also well remembered.

"I always avoided danger and exertion whenever I could," booms Harding. "What is more, I developed a peculiar genius for creating hazardous, tomfool stunts for others to carry out for the amusement and the amazement of the listening public—stunts such as jumping into firemen's nets from on high. Poor Glendenning, I fear, suffered most."

In 1944, when a vacancy occurred at the B.B.C. headquarters in Canada, he was transferred to Toronto. Interested circles in London waited eagerly for reports on the result of Harding versus the Dominion of Canada. It is generally conceded that Harding won.

During the war he travelled widely in America to speak over the air. There are people in Chicago who remember to this day Harding in his outsize Sherlock Holmes deerstalker cap with the outsized earflaps, the racoon coat and the outsized overshoes which he always wore when there was snow on the ground. "That guy looked and talked just like an English dook," Chicagoans still say.

But with the end of the war, Harding was ordered home. "I was a returned empty," he says, "and nobody wanted me." He was offered a post broadcasting in basic English to the Japanese, but decided that there was little future in it. Eventually, he decided to strike out on his own as a freelance.

"I left with trepidation," he explains wryly. "It worried me a lot to leave the B.B.C., which for some eventful years had been my patient employer and my kindly nurse. Ah, well!"

As a freelance, Harding was an immediate success. He joined *Round Britain Quiz*. For a time he was a regular and in his own opinion a "slightly bewildered" interviewer on *In Town Tonight*, talking to odd characters and American actresses, one of whom, to his intense disgust, referred to him on the air as "cute."

Since then, Harding has been in great demand whenever producers have needed a ready talker guaranteed to make sense most of the time, provoke all the time, and antagonize often. Although now, at last, affluent and secure, he still lives unpretentiously with his schoolmistress sister in Twickenham, where he is known to almost everybody. A bachelor who intends to go on being a bachelor ("My dear sir, I am too old to marry now"), he spends what time he can listening to other people on the air or watching them on his television set. His favourite programme is *Mrs. Dale's Diary*.

One day a week, he contrives with a little secretarial help to answer his ever-increasing fan mail. These letters he divides into four files marked "For Harding," "Agin Harding," "Monstrosities" and "Fluffs."

The "Monstrosities" file gets bigger every week. In it he keeps all anonymous letters accusing him of being in the pay of the Church of Rome or the Church of England, a cat hater, a Communist, a wealthy playboy—and the weekly letter with the Eastbourne postmark that always begins: "Dear Mr. Harding, you are a horreble horrer. . . ."

Invective For "Agins"

He reserves all his invective for the "Agins," and dictates them at top speed while pacing up and down his sitting-room, only breaking off to ring up somebody to read out what he considers to be the better passages. These letters sometimes run to eight single-spaced pages. Startled correspondents, who never expected such attention, have been known to receive Harding's afterthoughts in further letters months later.

The "Fluff" answers are short, pert, and as apologetic as Harding will ever learn to be. A "fluff," in theatrical parlance, is any mistake in fact, wording or pronunciation made by an actor or broadcaster. For this, he has a stock letter. It runs:

"My dear sir (or madam), Yes. I know. Wasn't it monstrous? Yours faithfully, Gilbert Harding." THE END

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WHEN making a will it's as well to think carefully on the choice of an executor—the person who "winds up the estate." One to four may be appointed, but it is wise, and sometimes necessary, to appoint at least two. An executor may also be a legatee. With small, simple wills a wife or husband, relative or friend is often chosen.

But an executor's job is exacting, especially if the will is complicated. An alternative is to appoint a solicitor, bank or insurance company. If the estate is English, the official Public Trustee will act. You can get details from any post office.

FESTIVAL AT FARBRIDGE

Continued from page 10

hundred feet long and crammed with ivory, jade, ropes of pearls. "Everything she ever asked for. Fella's an old admirer of hers, of course. Known that all along. But after I met him, never took him seriously. Couldn't—fella like that—face like a white elephant's backside——"

"Hasn't he got splendid hazel eyes?" said Laura.

"No, he hasn't," the Major shouted. "Little pig's eyes and big bags under 'em. But *she* told you that, I'll bet my boots. Talking about him while she was packing up to go! No decency. No what-is-it — reticence. Women!"

"Well, what about women?" said Laura with some asperity and not very wisely.

"I'll tell you what about women," he bellowed. "I've had a hundred times more trouble with women—in business, social life, politics—than I've ever had with men. You know where you are with a man—put your point of view, have a drink or two, and you can get along, barring a few barmy Socialists. But women—and I don't care who they are, what they are, whose side they think they're on, whether they're trying to sell a house, buy a house, use their vote, give a party—they're just a big bloody nuisance——"

LAURA said suddenly: "I think you'd better stop now." In spite of the noise Major Bulfoss was making she had heard something else.

"Certainly not. Stop when I've finished—an' not before." He glared suspiciously. "Where you going?"

"Just opening the door," Laura told him, on her way.

"Leave door alone." But he was too late.

"Well, here we are," cried Mrs. Whatmore, a massive woman with a purple face and a maroon costume. Five other members of the women's executive committee came crowding in after her. "And how are you, Major Bulfoss? Tired?"

He glowered at them, swaying perceptibly. The only sound that came from him was rather like the noise made by a collapsing tyre.

The shy smiles had withered from the faces of the five women behind Mrs. Whatmore. Some looked alert, others anxious. But Mrs. Whatmore was still the smiling, confident leader, firm but pretending to archness. "I'm sure you must be," she sang in her best contralto. "But not *too* tired, I hope, to receive our little deputation, as you promised, and to admit that you have been a *weeny* bit naughty. Eh?"

Major Bulfoss continued to glower and sway. But the sound now suggested that the tyre was being pumped up again. It was too much for Laura, who, with a sense of disaster curling over them all like a great black wave, felt she had stopped breathing.

"Major Bulfoss," she said in a little breathless voice, "hasn't been able to do his letters yet."

If a mouse had popped out and spoken to her, Mrs. Whatmore could not have looked more painfully surprised. "I dare say," she said, with an annihilating glance. Then she turned to the Major again, restoring her broad, false smile. "Yes, a *weeny* bit naughty, Major Bulfoss. Because you did agree—didn't you?—to have a regular meeting with our women's committee. We women feel there is much more we can do if we have your co-operation, as the Sitting Member, in our efforts. That is so, isn't it?"

"Go home," said the Major.

"I beg your pardon!"

"Go home." This was still said in a tone that was calm and clear, if loud.

The women exchanged looks, and the sight of them doing this blew up any self-control the Major may have had left. He stamped and roared. "Don't stand gaping and twittering there. Just buzz off. Go on. Get cracking."

There were murmurs of dismay and alarm from the supporting five, who began to shuffle backwards; but their redoubtable chairman stood her ground, and, a brighter purple now, glared back at the Major. "I shall report this to the general committee," she told him. "In my opinion, Major Bulfoss—and I'm sure these ladies will support me—you're drunk."

A strange smile, the first of any kind Laura had seen him wear so far, illuminated the Major's face, like moonlight on a ruined city. And he spoke now as a man might from such a city, softly, coldly, and with a kind of lunatic precision. "And in *my* opinion, Mrs. Whatmore — and whether anybody supports me is neither here nor there, though a lot of people would if I mentioned it—you're a poisonous old windbag. And now"—and the sudden bellow arrived with a grand sense of tone and tempo —"*get out!*"

As they fled, the Major dropped down into his chair, stretched out his legs, and began humming some unrecognizable tune.

"Arthur Hatchet-Ferrers," he muttered, without rancour but in a last spasm of wonder. "Pills for lunch . . . one foot in the grave. . . ." He seemed to be dropping off to sleep, but he opened his eyes wide for a moment and murmured: "All between ourselves . . . can't have any scandal, eh? . . . Quite right." And then his eyes closed, he slumped farther down in the chair, he grunted, bubbled, and finally began to snore.

Wondering what she ought to do now, Laura waited for several minutes. Sometimes she looked at the Major; not a pretty sight, but he appealed to her more in this helpless innocence of sleep than he did when awake. Perhaps he was now playing cricket, a small boy again, or noticing pretty Madge for the first time at the tennis club. Poor Major Bulfoss!

There was a noise in the hall, and then the drawing-room door, which Mrs. Whatmore had slammed behind her, was opened cautiously. A girl with a cheeky fat face looked in. As she stared, Laura made a sign to her and quietly joined her in the hall.

"Looks bottled to me," said the girl. "He is a bit," said Laura.

"I'll bet it's her," said the girl. "Has she popped off? Knew that's what she was up to. Told cook, but she wouldn't have it. She owes me two bob now."

"Well," said Laura, "I'm off. I'll get my typewriter."

"What'll happen when he wakes up?" the girl asked, as she followed Laura. "Ructions?"

"Ructions," said Laura softly.

EVER since her first few days in Farbridge, Laura had had a bed-sitting-room and board at the Saxons', in the end house in Alma Street. Ernest Saxon was the science master at the county school, and his wife, Hilda, had been a teacher, too. They had two children, Peter, eleven, and Anne, nine. A despairing woman

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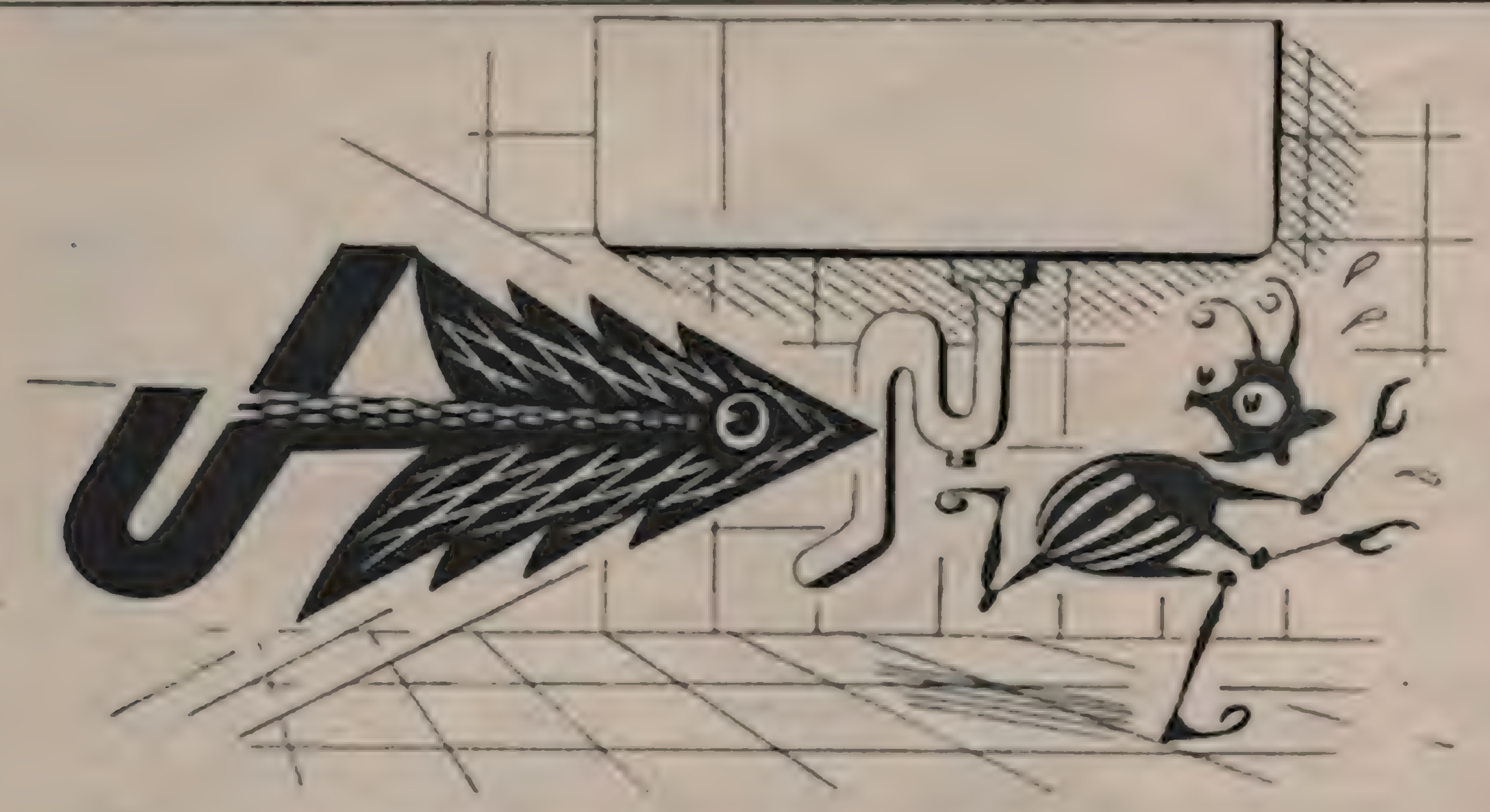

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called Mrs. Foster came in four mornings a week to help. The trouble about Ernest and Hilda, who were kind and sweet, was that you could not laugh at anything with them. They had not a glimmer of humour between them.

Mostly they made Laura feel very young and frivolous, although now and again she listened to them and suddenly felt very old and wise, just as if somehow they were really new on this planet whereas she had known it and its tricks for thousands of years. They did not care much about comfort and cosiness, preferring coldish rooms and hard chairs, scraggy meals with salads and no appetizing smells, and always discussing rather than talking; but they were immensely kind, without a single evil thought or impulse, and Laura, while she laughed at them, regarded them with both respect and affection. Hilda was rather tall, and had a bony but scrubbed face, a long reddish neck, and enormously wide hips that seemed all wrong. Ernest was smaller, rounder, had a ginger moustache and gold spectacles, and laughed a lot in a serious, conscientious sort of way, as if they had taught him to do it at college.

It was typical of Hilda and Ernest that they immediately saw this Bulfoss adventure of Laura's as a political event.

"I must say," said Ernest, "that unless you're exaggerating the whole thing, Laura—and I know you *do* exaggerate at times—Bulfoss may be asked to resign."

"Do you know this Mrs. Whatmore?" Laura asked.

"They're Whatmores, the artificial silk people," said Hilda, who had been brought up in Farbridge and so knew about everybody. "I suppose they're about the richest family in Farbridge. I have a friend—you've met her, Laura—Helen Weeks, who's now the personnel manager at Whatmore's, and she knows a lot of gossip about them. Mrs. Whatmore isn't Farbridge. I forget where she came from. He's a bit better—Colonel Whatmore—he was in the Army in the First War, with the Farbridge Territorials."

"These colonels," Ernest began.

But Laura, determined to avoid a discussion of militarism, drowned him. "It's odd to think you've been here always. I always keep forgetting it. Very odd."

"What's odd about it?" asked Hilda, reasonably enough.

"Tell me what you really think of Farbridge," said Laura.

Hilda gave her a wide, clear look. Hilda's eyes, a lightish hazel, were her best feature. "You know," she said slowly, "I love it. I can see all the faults it has, and I can understand other people, like you and Ernest, not caring about it much, thinking it dull and messy. But it's all mixed up with my life. And I love it. Really love it—as you do a person."

"I think that's wonderful," cried Laura. "I wish I felt like that about any place. I do a bit about a village where I used to stay with my grandmother when I was small. But I've moved about too much. I can't make anything out of Farbridge. To me, it's just a town, a place. I can't hate it, I can't love it. Perhaps," she ended rather mournfully, "I can't really live in it."

"You've only been here three months," Hilda told her, smiling but a little sharp, "and nothing has happened to you yet."

"How do you mean that nothing has happened to her?" Ernest demanded. "She's spent nearly a hundred days here——"

"No," said Laura, ignoring Ernest, who was not really in on this scene. "Nothing's happened. And nothing will. It's that kind of place—I mean, for me it is," she added hastily.

It was at that moment that Eric Longshaw arrived. But as his voice was heard greeting Ernest in the hall, Laura exhibited no symptoms either of confusion or excitement, and clearly there was nothing about this arrival that seemed to her to contradict anything she had said. Indeed, she muttered hastily to Hilda: "You see what I mean? Eric."

Eric Longshaw, who worked in the South Midland Bank, where Laura had first made his acquaintance, was Laura's most persistent admirer. She could not help feeling grateful to him for this devotion, and sometimes, when she thought little of herself, being rather touched by it: as if a melancholy talking dog had attached itself to her. At the same time, she often felt impatient with him because he was merely Eric Longshaw and not some wonderful man whose very presence would strike the rock and release the miraculous waters of her own admiration and devotion. Sometimes, in the middle of the night, there seemed no escape. Sooner or later she would have to take Eric and settle down in Farbridge. He was rather tall, if not very wide; almost handsome in a dim way; polite, considerate, not stupid.

Grinning, Ernest ushered him in. So far as anybody or anything really could be a joke to Ernest, Eric was one. Hilda, who was not above match-making, was well-disposed towards him and saw him married to Laura and then rapidly converted to the Saxon point of view.

Ernest asked some of his usual questions about the bank, and Eric replied in his customary polite but non-committal fashion. It was all very dull.

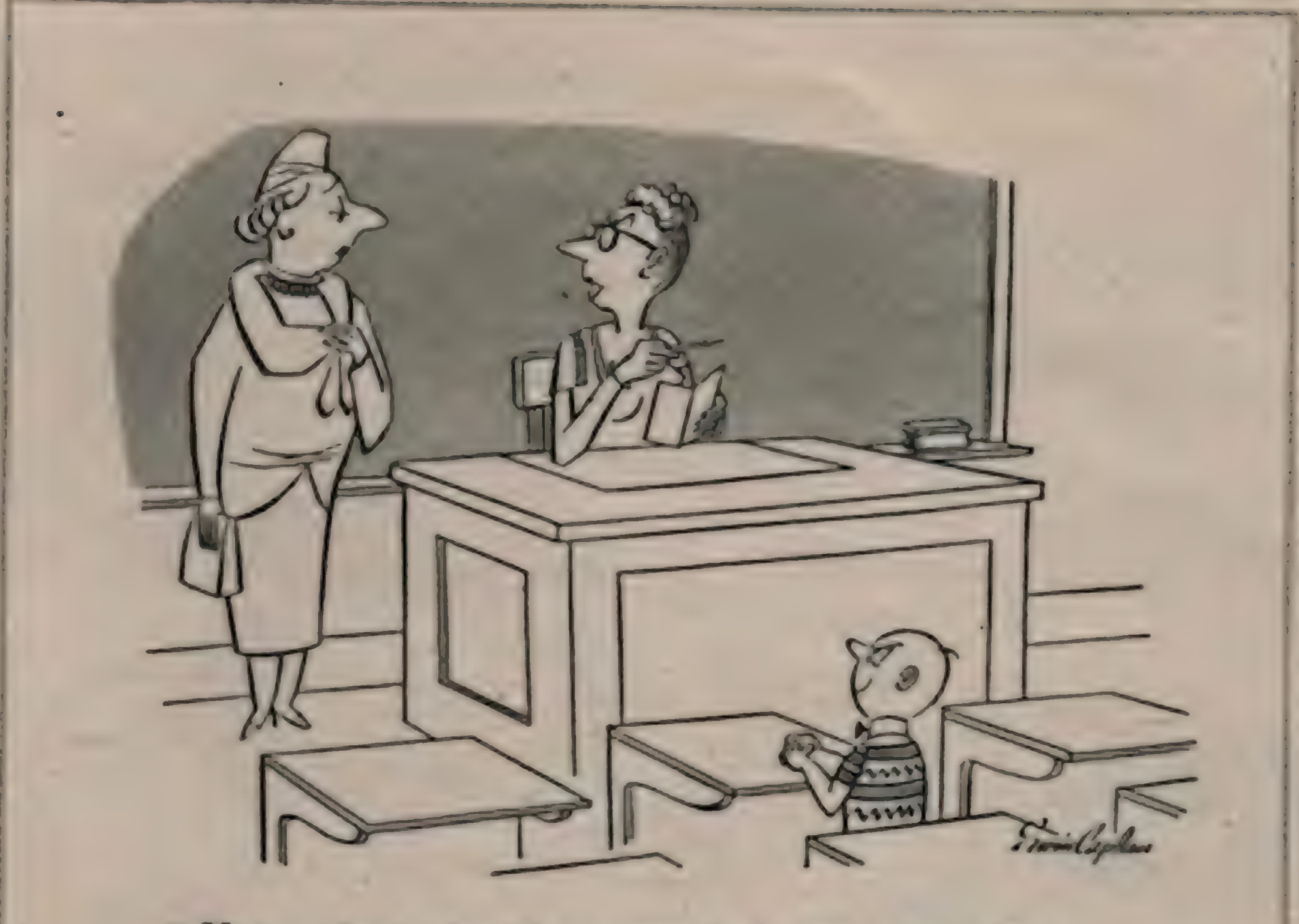
Later, the talk came round to the Festival of Britain. Some months before, the Farbridge Council had rejected the proposal that the town should do anything special about the Festival. The Council had declared, through a large majority, that Farbridge could not afford to celebrate the Festival. Laura knew all about this because here the Saxons for once had not agreed. Ernest had jeered at the idea of a Festival but he had jeered equally hard at the Council's decision not to spend any money on it. Though severely economical himself, Ernest always seemed to think that public bodies should spend money like drunken sailors. Hilda felt that here was an opportunity for more culture, with the Third Programme materialized and let loose in the street, and so had been in favour of the Festival idea; but, remembering the rates, she would not join Ernest in jeering at the Council.

"Old Jordan," said Eric, "was in the bank this morning. He told me that some of them are trying to persuade the mayor and the town clerk to push something through about the Festival. But, of course, it's too late now."

"Months and months too late," said Ernest, delighted to point this out. "Not that it matters, except that it just shows you what idiots these chaps are. Couldn't afford it!"

"I doubt," said Eric cautiously, "if most people round here want a festival. At least, that's my impression."

"They may not want one," said



"Not only is he the worst behaved child I've ever seen—he has a perfect attendance record"

Laura, "but—by golly—they need one. And not the lecturing kind, neither."

"But suppose we can't afford it?" said Hilda.

"Exactly," said Eric, nodding like an oriental sage a hundred years old.

This made Laura feel desperate. "Well, suppose we can't afford to be sensible much longer? What if we're all busy wasting something much more important than money and materials and labour?" She flashed a look all round. "What if we've stopped understanding the kind of people we are?"

"If the community——" Ernest began heavily.

But Laura had jumped up. "Sorry, Ernest, but I want a walk." She turned to Eric, now rising hopefully. "Like a walk, Eric?"

His delight brought back that familiar mixture of shame and irritation. This dull little walk, just so much fresh air before going to bed, would be magic for him—poor Eric—blast him!

A coldish night, indigo, spacious, with a remote glitter of stars. They went the length of Alma Street, then along Inkerman Place, through a mid-Victorian bit of Farbridge to which electricity and the B.B.C. Light Programme had been added. They turned into Baldwin Road, one of the town's main thoroughfares that had been reconstructed between the wars. It had an up-to-date urban look. The Elite Cinema sparkled down the road, as if a hundred feet of Los Angeles had been dropped there. The King's Head, a big, bogus pub, was pretending to look as cosy as a Christmas card. A dazzle of white light and stainless metal, like a quick glimpse of an operating theatre, was Barker's Fish Restaurant. The furniture shop at the corner was still lighting up a foul bedroom suite in lilac and gamboge oak. At the North Farbridge Social Club they were holding a dance, spilling into the night the melancholy thump-a-thump of American folk music. They passed a little pub that sounded like a zoo at feeding-time.

A huge Saturday-night sadness descended upon Laura.

After receiving a peck on the cheek from a trembling Eric, she went indoors and found the Saxons sipping cocoa and up to their necks in a Greek play on the Third Programme. She accepted a slice of cake and took it up to bed.

SUNDAY morning had a steely, flashing look that suggested a north-east wind and possible sleet later on. But the Saxons, who were above discomfort, had decided on a country walk and a picnic; so Laura had the house to herself. She washed her hair, did some ironing and dusted her room, for Mrs. Foster was not only desperate but careless; after that, she crouched in front of her gas-fire, reading the *Sunday Times* and the *Observer*. She was just beginning to wonder what she ought to try her hand at for lunch—it was then about noon—when she heard the front door-bell ringing. Putting a short coat over her slacks and then tying a scarf round her head as she went downstairs, she answered this summons. It was Major Bulfoss, pouchy, but still pink.

"Morning, Miss Casey. Like a word or two with you. Had some trouble getting your address." He said this as if it were her fault. Evidently he was going to take a high line. But whatever line he proposed to take, it was obviously better that he should do it indoors, so she ushered him into the Saxons' sitting-room, which at that moment was about as cosy as a poached egg in a refrigerator.

Major Bulfoss looked about him with gloomy distaste, sat down, and cleared his throat.

"Look here, Miss Casey." He paused a moment. "What exactly happened last night?"

"Well, after telling Mrs. Whatmore she was a poisonous old windbag and telling all of them to get out, you fell asleep; and then as your maid had come back, I cleared out. I couldn't see any point in staying."

"No, no, quite so." He cleared his throat again. "Rather a strain, y'know, being in the House these days. Late nights—all that sort of thing. Tells on a chap. Then I'd had a good lunch and a few drinks on the train. Might happen to anybody. And then this business about my wife. Look here—did you tell me she'd gone off to Arthur Hatchet-Ferrers?"

Laura nodded. "Though I didn't know he was Mr. Hatchet-Ferrers. You supplied that bit."

The Major frowned. "All right, needn't go into that. Point is—no joke, y'know. I mean, the whole thing's pretty serious for a man in my position. Shan't keep you long. But wanted to remind you there's such a thing as loyalty."

Laura stared at him. "I'm not running round the town talking about you, if that's what you mean, Major Bulfoss."

"Give you one word of advice. Not about this business—though it comes into it—but generally. Better watch that tongue of yours. My brother mentioned that when I spoke to him this morning about you. He doesn't care for it. Said he'd been meaning to speak to you about it himself. But I said, 'Look here, never mind about that. I'll just put it to her on the ground of loyalty.' That's what I said. And that's what I'm doing, Miss Casey."

"Major Bulfoss," cried Laura, sparkling and flushing, "I'd no intention of talking to people about you and your affairs. I'm not that sort of person. But it's nothing to do with any loyalty to Bulfoss and Sons. I haven't any loyalty to Bulfoss and Sons."

"You haven't, eh?"

"No, why should I? You talk as if I'd been with them for years. I've only been here three months. I only came here because I happened to run into a girl called Potter I'd known in the Wrens, and she was leaving your office to get married, and said the job was going if I wanted a change from London, which I did—God knows. And if Mr. Beverly Bulfoss doesn't like the way I talk, he'd better speak to me about it. As a matter of fact, I don't like the way *he* talks."

"Look here, don't be cheeky."

"I'm not being any cheekier than you are," said Laura, in a temper now. "I did my best for you last night—and if you'd come round this morning and simply said you'd been an idiot and would I keep quiet about it, I'd have said of course I would. But what's all this about loyalty and watching my tongue—whatever that means—and Mr. Bulfoss talking to me about it? What's the idea?"

"The idea is—you talk too much and in the wrong way. And," the Major added, pushing himself out of his chair, not without a grimace, "you're doing it now."

THERE was a noise outside, and Laura went to the window to see what was happening. An angry little car had arrived, and out of it sprang a tubby man, mistakenly dressed in golfing tweeds. He charged into the house as if he owned it and had just heard it was on fire. Before Laura could reach the sitting-room door, he had opened it and bounced in. He wore no hat, was very red and almost bald, and appeared to be steaming. Laura hastily stepped back, as if from a smoking bomb.

"Captain Mobbs, Conservative agent," he shouted. "Where's Major Bulfoss? Ah—there you are. My godfathers!"

He sat down, put his little fat legs together, and then with both hands began drumming hard on his little fat thighs. Beads of sweat gathered on his forehead and ran down his pendulous cheeks. He took out an enormously yellow handkerchief and mopped himself with it. Laura stared at him, fascinated.

"Glad you found me, Mobbs." But Major Bulfoss sounded uneasy. "Meant to get in touch with you some time today."

Captain Mobbs came out of his yellow handkerchief. "Meant to get in touch with me sometime!" he shouted. "I heard the yarn out at the West Farbridge Golf Club. Drove like hell to your house. Drove like hell to your brother's house. Drove like hell here, where they said you were calling. Dropped everything—bang! Now then." But Major Bulfoss was glaring at Laura.

"You see? Can't keep quiet, and already it's all over the place—West Farbridge Golf Club."

"Me keep quiet?" Laura was furious. "Do you realize you insulted all the most prominent members of the Conservative Women's Executive Committee? Of course it's all over the town."

Captain Mobbs jumped up and seemed to do a step-dance. "My godfathers! So it's true, then? Mrs. Whatmore?"

"Mrs. Whatmore."

"Who were the others?"

"I don't remember," the Major told him sulkily.

"You know?" And he looked at Laura, who noticed now that his piggy little eyes were hot, too.

"I don't know," she said, "and I don't care."

Captain Mobbs plomped down again and this time patted one thigh very hard. "Who does care? Just tell me that. Who does care? Only the agent. Only poor Captain Bloody Mobbs, that's all. Only the man who sweated his guts out working miracles in this division. That's all. Does the Member care? Does his girl friend care?"

"I'm not his girl friend," said Laura hastily.

"Beside the point, beside the point," said Captain Mobbs, drumming away again with both hands. "Question now is—what's to be done? And we must work fast. Mrs. Bulfoss ought to be seeing those women now. Telling 'em you've worked so hard you're on the edge of a nervous breakdown. Long days—late nights—all devoted to the interests of Farbridge Conservatives, especially the women. That's the line. To a man in such a state of nervous exhaustion a drink or two can tip him over the edge. Don't do it yourself. Get her to run round—anxious wife, no sleep. Might get a doctor's certificate. I'd better talk to her myself."

"You can't."

"Why not?"

"She's away."

"All right then," yelled Captain Mobbs, who seemed to have no respect for his Member. "Get her back. Ring her up at once. Where is she—and what's the number?"

"Look here, Mobbs, will you kindly stop shouting at me. And anyhow this wife business is out."

"Out? It's the only possible move. Did it years ago when Pensworth-Jones, who was Member then for South Burmanley, got stinking paralytic at the annual ball."

"Well, you can't work it this time," said the Major gloomily. "The fact is, Mobbs, between ourselves, my wife's left me."

"Left you?"

"Yes, for another chap."

Captain Mobbs, who was extraordinarily good value, like a super-mechanical toy, now made a moaning sound, closed his eyes, and rocked violently.

"So there it is, Mobbs. Didn't expect it, of course. No idea it would happen. Quite a shock. That's why I had a few more drinks."

It was as if somebody had pressed another button. Captain Mobbs stopped rocking, opened his eyes, and jumped up.

"And that's the line we take. Only possible line."

"What—and tell everybody?"

"Tell these women. Wife ran away. Probably in Paris now—champagne, flowers, new clothes, jewellery bought with Black Market francs and

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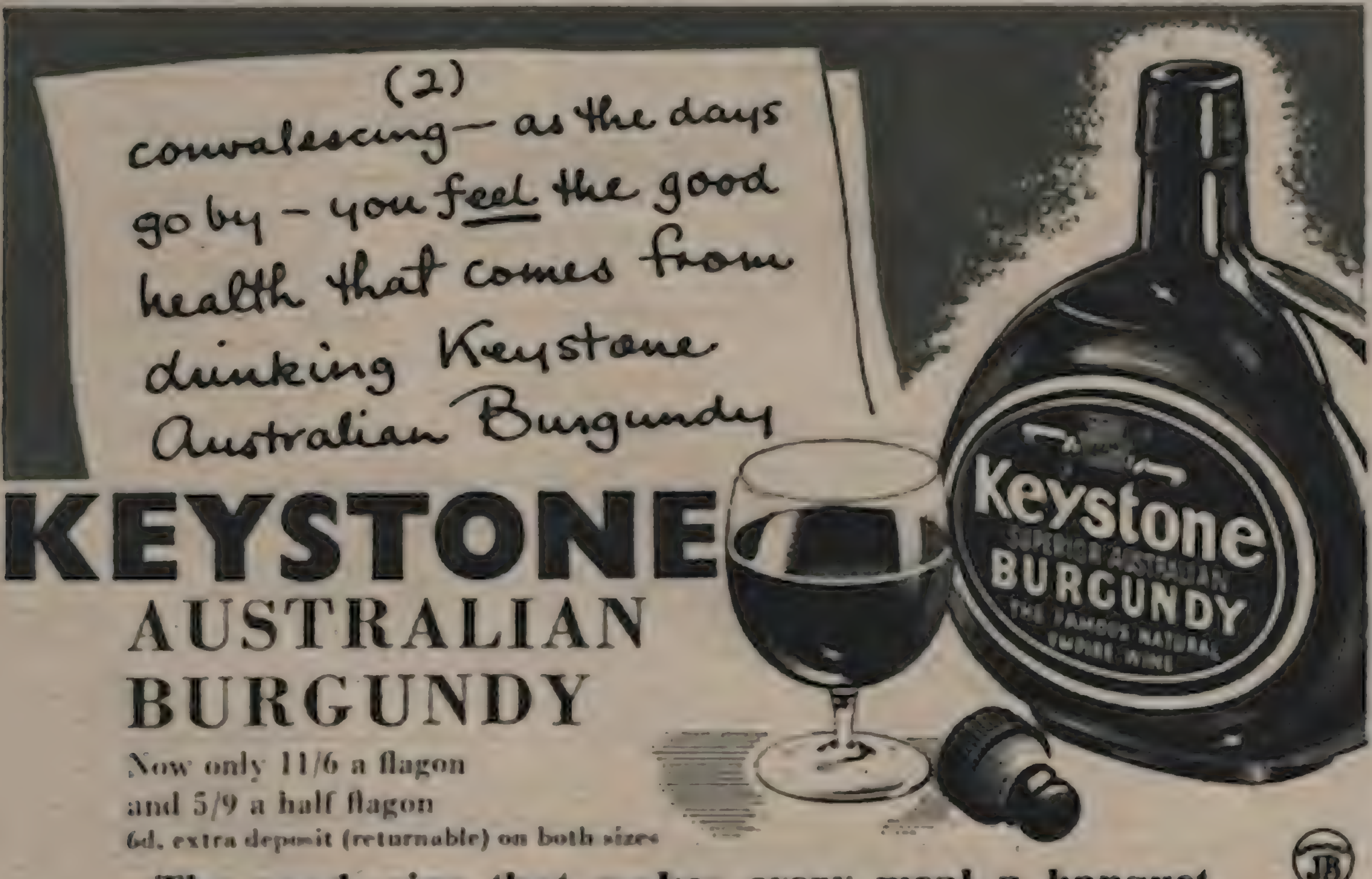
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all sense of duty forgotten—to hell with Farbridge. That might work. They'll be jealous. Be on your side. Poor Major Bulfoss — that woman let him down badly—we mustn't be too hard on him now. That's what they'll tell each other and everybody else. Eh?" He turned to Laura for confirmation.

"Yes, that's how it might work," she admitted.

"We're wasting time," shouted Mobbs. "Come on, Bulfoss. We'll go to my office first. Then ring up Mrs. Whatmore, arrange to see her, and find out who the others were. Need an aspirin? Or a drink? Both at the office. Come on." And out he went, charging back to his car, banging the door and the gate. Major Bulfoss followed him.

Over a sketchy sort of lunch that did not turn out too well, Laura brooded darkly over Bulfoss and Sons, with special reference to the senior partner, Mr. Beverly Bulfoss.

Before she met Mr. Bulfoss, Laura, idly looking at advertisements, had often wondered who lived in the strange world they seemed to describe, a world of gentlemen's residences all tastefully arranged and replete with all possible conveniences and comforts, with morning rooms opening into libraries and giving on to magnificent terraces and well-stocked gardens, with ornamental staircases leading from ornate halls by way of superb landings to no fewer than eight master bedrooms. Now she knew. It was Beverly Bulfoss, Esquire. His appearance was just right, for he was tall and thin and had a long bony face. His clothes artfully suggested both the business man and the country squire. He had a high, whinnying voice, as if a horse had once found its way into the family. His manner with well-to-do women, whether they came to buy or sell, was perfect.

On Monday morning he did not arrive in the office, and Laura wondered whether Captain Mobbs had swept him into his campaign for restoring the prestige of Major Bulfoss with the Conservative Women's Executive. But on Monday afternoon Miss Thring, a short, thick, spectacled woman who had been there for ages and was essentially the Old Retainer, announced with pride and joy that a very important client was coming to see Mr. Bulfoss, who certainly could not fail her. This was Lady Barth, a rich old barmpot who was always either buying and selling property or threatening to buy and sell it. She had tremendous rows with everybody, from neighbouring landowners to the Ministry of Local Government and Planning; and every few weeks she stumped in and out of the office, screeching like a giant cockatoo. She was deaf herself, and apparently thought everybody else was. She was due at three on Monday afternoon, and at five minutes to three, Mr. Bulfoss arrived, in a flurry and obviously perturbed. At five past, Lady Barth's ancient Rolls-Royce came sailing up, and out she popped like a jangling old witch.

Her screech came through from Mr. Bulfoss's private office like a circular saw. "Heard at lunch your brother's making an ass of himself."

Mr. Bulfoss undoubtedly had to raise his voice to make himself heard, but he contrived to keep it on his side of the door. Perhaps, Laura thought, he bent down and mouthed it carefully into her ear.

"Well, what if she did?" was the next instalment from the circular saw. "Seemed a silly little woman to me. He's well rid of her. But I never understood why he had to go into Parliament. Why didn't he stay here and do some work? Oh—of course, he's better than these colliers and engine drivers who call themselves politicians now. Just to plunder us. Downright robbery! But now—what about that miserable fellow who works for the County Council? Told you that he wrote to me, didn't I?"

Laura overheard nothing else for several minutes because she had to take a telephone message.

Then Lady Barth came jangling and screeching out, followed by a scarlet Mr. Bulfoss, vainly expostulating, his usual character performance in ruins.

"Miss Thring," said Mr. Bulfoss sharply, on his return. "Speak to you in my room. Important."

Miss Thring returned from the Presence loaded down with responsibility, already careworn with it.

"Mr. Bulfoss will see you in a few minutes," she told Laura, standing very close to her, so close indeed that Laura was engulfed by the musty smell, like that of a second-hand clothes shop, that Miss Thring carried about as part of her private atmosphere. "I want to have a word or two with you first."

Laura disliked Miss Thring, but now, looking at the faded red-rimmed eyes magnified by the thick glasses, she felt sorry for her. "Yes, what's the matter, Miss Thring?" she said gently.

"I don't know if you remember," said Miss Thring, softly and very carefully, "but I was talking on the telephone this morning to Miss Slingsby of Porritt and Worsnop, Birmingham. She was telling me how short-handed they are in their office. Of course, they don't do the class of business we do. Hardly any county work. But it might suit you, Miss Casey."

"Are you telling me I ought to go and work in Birmingham?" Laura was bewildered.

"I believe a word from me to Miss Slingsby would be quite sufficient," said Miss Thring with some complacency.

"I dare say it would. But I don't want to go to Birmingham."

Miss Thring closed her eyes. "I'm only trying to help you, Miss Casey."

"I don't get this. Wait a minute! Does it mean that Bulfoss wants to get rid of me?"

Miss Thring opened her eyes, and now they looked like grey peas. "If you wish to continue in estate agency work——"

"Oh—blow estate agency work!" cried Laura rudely. "I'm going to talk to Mr. Bulfoss."

"He hasn't sent for you yet," cried Miss Thring in alarm.

"I'm going to talk to him without being sent for."

When Laura dashed in—and the only way was to dash in—Mr. Bulfoss raised his long, grey head and then raised his short, grey eyebrows. "I don't remember ringing for you, Miss Casey."

Any shakiness she might have felt was now swept away by a further flood of indignation. Coming the grand manner over her, was he, the old phoney!

"No, but I had to see you at once." She looked at him steadily, though feeling far from steady inside.

Mr. Bulfoss now raised the whole of himself and contrived to look down on Laura as if he were about fifty feet tall. "I understood that Miss Thring

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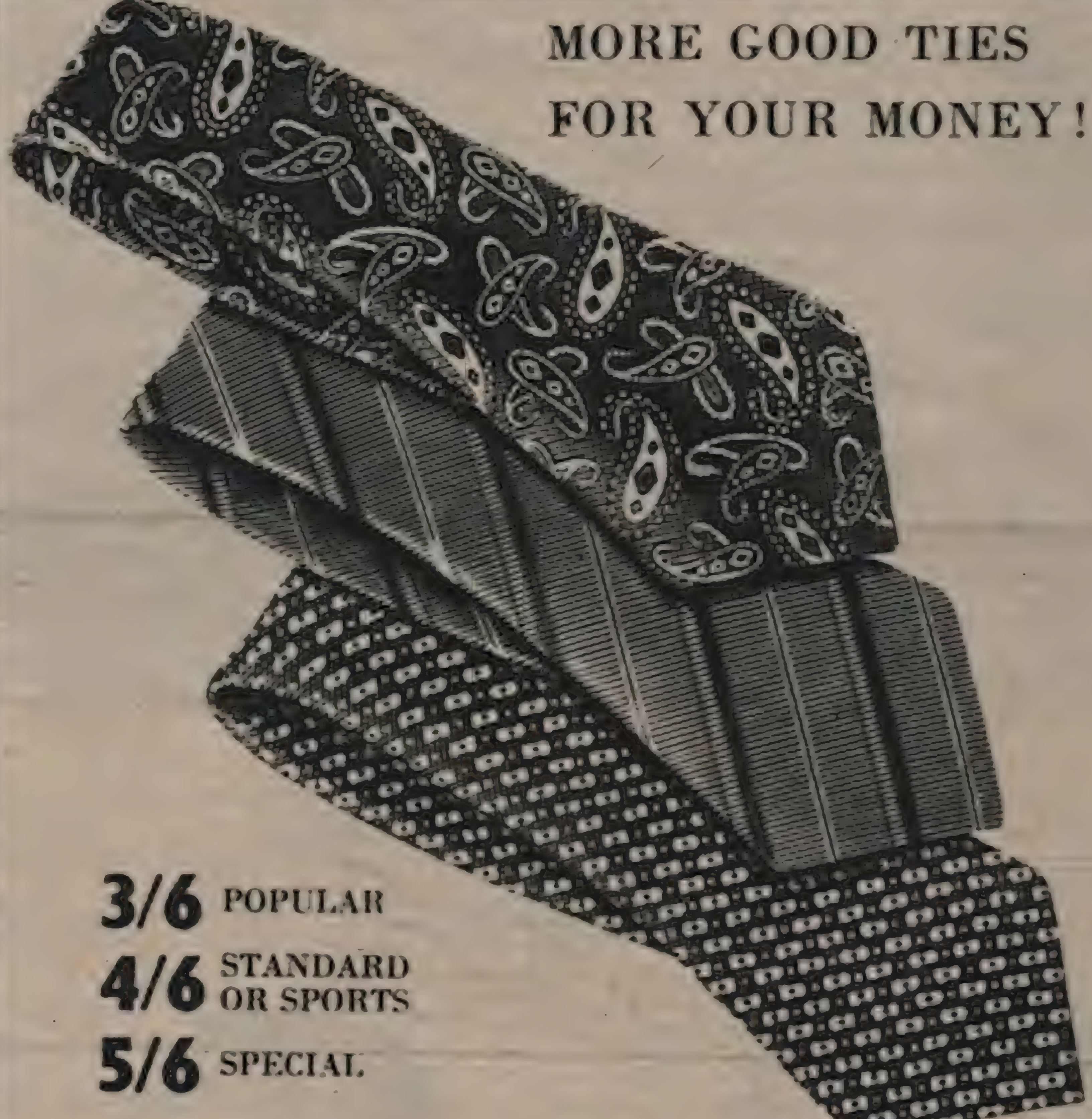

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wanted to talk to you before I did."

"She has talked to me," said Laura. "Birmingham."

"I know nothing about Birmingham." He fingered his moustache in an important sort of way, as if he were about to sell the Suez Canal. "But I gathered that Miss Thring might have some helpful suggestion to make to you."

"Well, she wants to pack me off to Birmingham. For some reason or other," she added pointedly.

"There's no mystery about that, Miss Casey," he told her acidly. "Miss Thring has known for some time that I've not been satisfied with your work here. She felt herself you were not settling down with us. We've known it for some time, and so, I think, have you, Miss Casey. There's nothing personal in all this," he continued, much pleasanter now, and even trying to smile. "But obviously our kind of work isn't what you want."

Mr. Bulfoss then sat down, looked severely at some papers on his desk, and did not glance again in Laura's direction until he noted, once more with the eyebrows well raised, that she, too, was sitting down. Not only was she tired of standing but now her knees felt wobbly.

"What that amounts to," she said slowly, "is that you want me to go."

"We shall pay you for this week. But you needn't stay here, and I strongly advise you not to stay, but either to accept Miss Thring's suggestion or to begin immediately and look outside Farbridge for another post. If you dislike Birmingham, then you ought to go back to London. Your home's there, I understand."

"My home's not anywhere," said Laura, and suddenly, to her annoyance, she felt like crying.

"I shall be glad to give you a reference. That is, if you behave sensibly."

"How do you think you're behaving?"

"I beg your pardon!" It was not so much the question as her tone of voice and flashing eye that shook him.

"Like a mean stinker."

They jumped up together, both glaring now.

"I guessed this was coming," cried Laura, drowning some spluttering protest he was making, "from something your brother said yesterday morning. Only you couldn't have done it a worse way. If you'd said, 'Look, Major Bulfoss made an idiot of himself on Saturday when you were there, so now please forget about it all, will you?'—then I'd have been glad to. I don't like telling tales and anyhow I was really rather sorry for the poor Major. But now you've torn it, you and silly old Thring between you. I wouldn't have minded if you'd just been honest and told me it embarrassed you having me around, after Saturday. But all this smooth, false muck about not being satisfied with my work here, offers of Birmingham, threats about references, warnings about no other jobs going here—it just makes me sick. All right then—I'm sacked, and I'm going—now." She hurried to the door, but turned for one last word. "But don't think I'm leaving Farbridge. Because I'm not."

THAT was how Laura Casey, in the middle of the following Wednesday morning, came to be sitting, alone, at a lopsided gatelegged table in the far corner of the Old Oak Nook, in Peter Place, Farbridge. The café was crowded with middle-class matrons and their daughters, together with a sprinkling of business men. Laura, hunched over her almost empty coffee cup, was smoking like an angry little engine. She looked as if she had turned her back not only upon the Old Oak Nook but also upon all Farbridge.

A voice broke through her indignant reverie. "May I sit here, please?" it inquired.

This voice spoke softly, humbly, but in a full baritone, hinting at a great sounding-board of a chest. And Laura, as she looked up and nodded, saw that this was a very large young man indeed, almost a giant. As he descended massively into one of the other two chairs, she also discovered that he was very handsome. He had bronze hair, sun-bleached in places to a pale gold, and all of it much lighter than his face, which was deeply tanned. But what was odd and at the same time very attractive about him was the quality of his eyes. These were set queerly, and of a mahogany shade, yet not hard but soft and darkly clear. They seemed to look at her, most respectfully, too, out of another continent. Meeting their alien but entrancing gaze, Laura instantly regretted a dozen faulty details of her appearance, and cursed her luck. At that moment all sunlight vanished and the wild rain of March slashed at the heavily-leaded windows of the Old Oak Nook, which was a catering establishment owned by a retired folk dancer.

"I didn't know this place would be so crowded," said the young man, in a massive, careful way. He did not talk like a foreigner, yet there was something in his speech that matched his eyes. "I'm a stranger here."

LAURA, telling herself bitterly that he just would be a stranger, told him that she believed this place was nearly always crowded at this time. She tried to think of something else to say that would keep the conversation going and yet seem reasonably ladylike and aloof. But before she could think of anything suitable, he spoke again. Miraculously, too.

"My name," he said very solemnly and with a certain innocence, almost like a new small boy reporting to a teacher, "is Theodore Jenks."

Before she knew she was doing it, she was giving him a wide grin. "Laura Casey's my name."

"Miss Casey?"

"Yes, Miss Casey."

His nod was like a bow. Everything about him seemed to be on a large scale, but all very gentle, simple, innocently friendly. So far, a heavenly type. It flashed across her mind that her father would like him. Now, after giving his order to the waitress, he smiled at Laura, who felt small, untidy, inadequate but somehow happy.

"You are not married," he said. "Neither am I. I come from the East Indies, and am visiting this country for the first time." He hesitated a moment, regarding her gravely. "We may be disturbed soon or you may have to go, so may I say one thing to you, please?"

"Yes, what is it?" And she stared at him, unable to imagine what was coming.

"I think you are very beautiful."

"Me?" she gasped, among the rockets and catherine wheels. And as he nodded and looked wistful, this innocent giant with the gold hair and the strange, dark eyes, she knew she was done for. This was it.

To be continued next week

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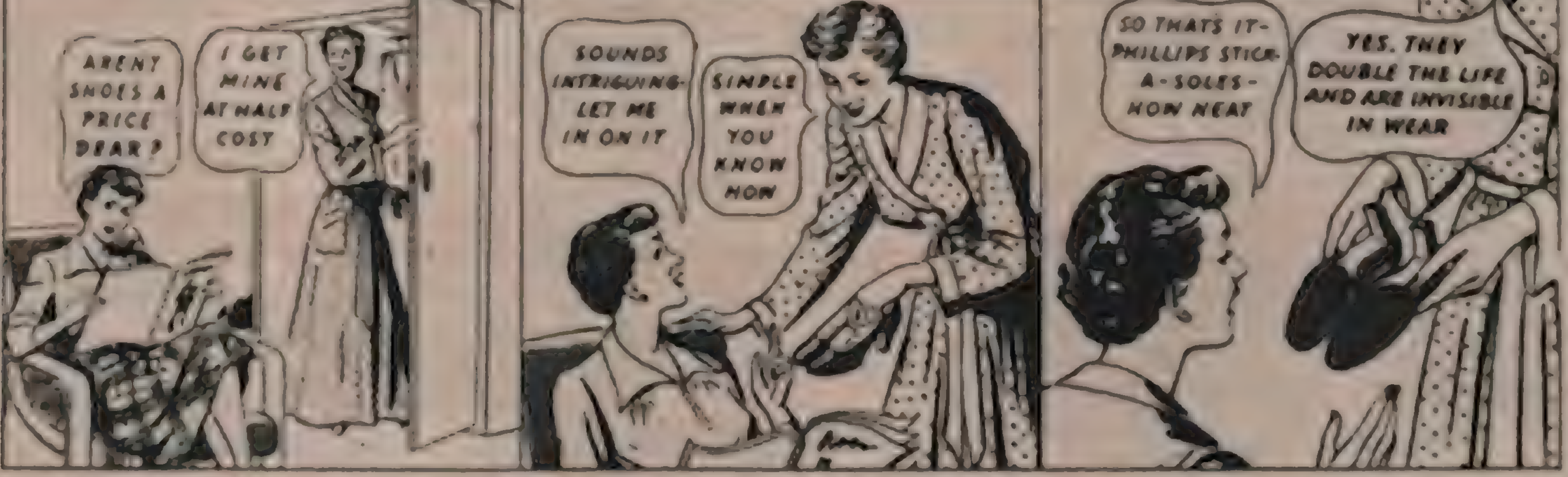
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Route to Ye TREASURE

THE WARDENS STAGE A BLITZ

Continued from page 12

Easingwold way of thinking more important than all the Geiger-counters in Harwell. The problem: how to lift the girder without dislodging the bricks.

Or take a look at a long, low building, with shuttered windows and screened door. Inside, in the dim light, you walk past eight small bays. And in each bay is set, in miniature, a drama of destruction. A collapsed ceiling, pinning a corpse to the floor; a narrow tunnel through a heap of debris. Into these dark, dank holes the students have to crawl, working only by the light of their torches. Perhaps their assignment is to stay in there while they chisel through a wall. Sometimes claustrophobia attacks them. But by the time they emerge they have gained, at trifling cost, some of the experience and exact knowledge which Civil Defence bought so dearly in the second World War.

Fire Menace Has Grown

Far from having made the stirrup pump "old stuff," the advent of the radiation meter has made it more important than ever. For with its "heat-flash" igniting materials a mile or more from the centre of the explosion, the atomic bomb is a tremendous fire-raiser. There is a shed at Easingwold where the windows are wired, having been cracked many times. Inside it is oven-hot, thick with acrid, swirling smoke. Each student has to go into the hut and find his way through. Prompted by the instructor, he discovers that, however hot the fire, there is a relatively cool area near floor level. Another room reproduces the sitting-room of an ordinary house; its chairs and the "curtains" at its windows stuffed with bracken. "Fine stuff, this bracken," said Commander Austen. "Produces an amazing amount of smoke and heat."

The hub of Easingwold's 280 acres of miscellaneous disaster is Hawkshills, a spacious, oak-panelled country mansion. It was to the students' clubroom here that—after the last "live" casualty had been packed, moaning, into an ambulance and the last dummy removed to the appropriate mortuary—the heroes of the night exercise finally repaired to fight their battles over again.

The Umpires' Verdicts

"Nine incidents in fifty square yards!" grumbled warden W. Stewart from Fort William. "They're out to drive a man crazy." "Two hours on that basement job at Sellars Court," claimed L. C. Johnstone, an Air Ministry fire service man from Coastal Command headquarters. "Needed a chisel to cut through that brick," added his colleague, genial, bespectacled F. J. Evans from Willesden.

As the rescue parties had struggled against the night's catastrophes, I had noticed half a dozen men in steel helmets and wearing white armbands who stood around watching. They were the umpires. Next day I went to the grand inquest, at which the umpires gave their verdicts and the students defended themselves.

The fire-fighting umpire, Lieut. Commander A. F. N. Eden, gave his parties full marks for the prompt way they had dealt with the frozen pipe situation. And when, despite all precautions, the stirrup pumps froze up, they had trickled water from a bucket on to an oil fire and finished off with snow. But they came under attack for the way they had left three fires in houses burning while they struggled with a fire in the open, round an overturned lorry. Down on the students' benches, the warden in charge of street parties, Tom Christal, a robust, rubicund police sergeant from Newcastle upon Tyne, rose to defend himself. They had tackled the fire in the open first because a live casualty was lying on the road only a few feet away. Why hadn't they moved the casualty? He'd had a broken spine.

The rescue umpire delivered judgment next. Casualties, he observed, had on the whole been found quickly—with the exception of the third one (female, live) at Sellars Court. Something wrong with the reconnaissance there. The rescuers interrupted indignantly. There just wasn't any casualty there, they insisted. From the middle of the class a voice spoke up: "I think perhaps I can clear that up, sir. I met her on the road and I said: 'Aren't you hurt at Sellars Court?' She said: 'Yes, I was. But I'm fed up. . . .' "

Another three days and, duly examined and certificated, the wardens and firefighters and rescue parties of Easingwold's twentieth blitz would be back in their home towns all over Britain, working to build up the efficient, respected Civil Defence Corps which in the conditions of modern warfare has become one of the keys to a nation's capacity to survive.

Trying Out New Sirens

Meanwhile, in a Leeds factory, girls sat at benches in dust-free nylon caps, their noses and mouths covered with surgical masks, turning out the first consignments of dosimeters, the detectors that look like fountain pens. At Elstree, Home Office scientists were making the morning hideous with the shrieks of improved, experimental air raid sirens.

But the best instructors and the finest instruments would be of little avail unless they had behind them a thorough nation-wide organization which went into the streets and homes of every town in Britain. In three days Tom Christal, the warden in charge of Easingwold's street parties, would be back on police duty in Newcastle. Would he find in that matter-of-fact city the same practical, businesslike approach that had marked his Easingwold training, the same awareness of the hazards that face us in this atomic age?

Let us follow him and see.

NEXT WEEK: How Newcastle plans to fight the atom bomb

THE HUMAN MACHINE

One little word

A GREAT man once wrote that most men are slaves because they cannot say that one little word "no."

Certainly it's important to say "no" to someone who wants you to do wrong. But what's even more important is to be sufficiently strong-willed to say "no" to yourself.

If you can't, you're liable to become the slave of all sorts of temptations and unadmirable habits. A man is his own worst enemy if he doesn't know when to deny himself.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

School for Mothers

SHE was a young farm-labourer's wife, and she faced a charge of child neglect. Inexperienced, harassed by the demands of three small children, discouraged by wretched living conditions, she had become utterly apathetic. We were asked to help, and with her youngest child we sent her to "Mayflower", our training home for neglectful mothers. In healthy, restful surroundings she soon responded to the kindly guidance she found there, and at cooking, cleaning, sewing, housekeeping, child-care she proved a willing pupil. When the time came for her to rejoin the family—now decently housed—she was all a mother and a housewife should be.

"Mayflower" has proved a most valuable social experiment; many mothers, whose only faults were ignorance and inexperience, have been helped there. The work of The Salvation Army is still dependent upon individual generosity. Will you help, by donation or legacy? Please send a gift to General Albert Orsborn, C.B.E.

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JB ERRATIC TYPIST

BECOMES A 'REGULAR' SECRETARY

When Miss J. takes shorthand even an Arab couldn't read it back. And her typing! "Come now, Miss J.," I said. "Either take a proper letter or a week's notice."

"*I'm sorry,*" *faltered Miss J.* "*I always seem to feel run down. It's the usual complaint. Every time I try to be bright and efficient my inner woman pipes up.*"

"So that's it, is it?" I mused.

"*What is, Mrs. R.?*" *trembled Miss J.*

"Pipe trouble," I said. "You see, Miss J., you've got 30 feet of piping in your inside and all your food has to pass through that filing system. There are muscles down there, too, to help pull it through—but they've nothing to pull on in the sort of soft, starchy food we eat nowadays."

"*Inefficiency again,*" *sighed Miss J.*

"Quite," I said. "Everything in the IN-tray, nothing in the OUT-tray, and constipation pending. Your trouble is that your diet lacks *bulk*—for those intestinal muscles to work on. But there's a cure."

"*Still nastier medicine?*" *quavered Miss J.*

"Certainly not," I said. "A still nicer breakfast-food—All-Bran. Just a little All-Bran every day adds enough bulk to your diet to keep you 'regular.' You try it," I ordered.

"*Yes, Mrs. R.,*" *said Miss J. doubtfully.*

One week later, a beaming confidential-secretarial Miss J. came into the office—and told *me* to take a letter. "*Dear Madam,*" *she dictated.* "*All-Bran certainly is a wonder. I enjoy keeping myself 'regular' this way.*"

"Yours faithfully," I said.

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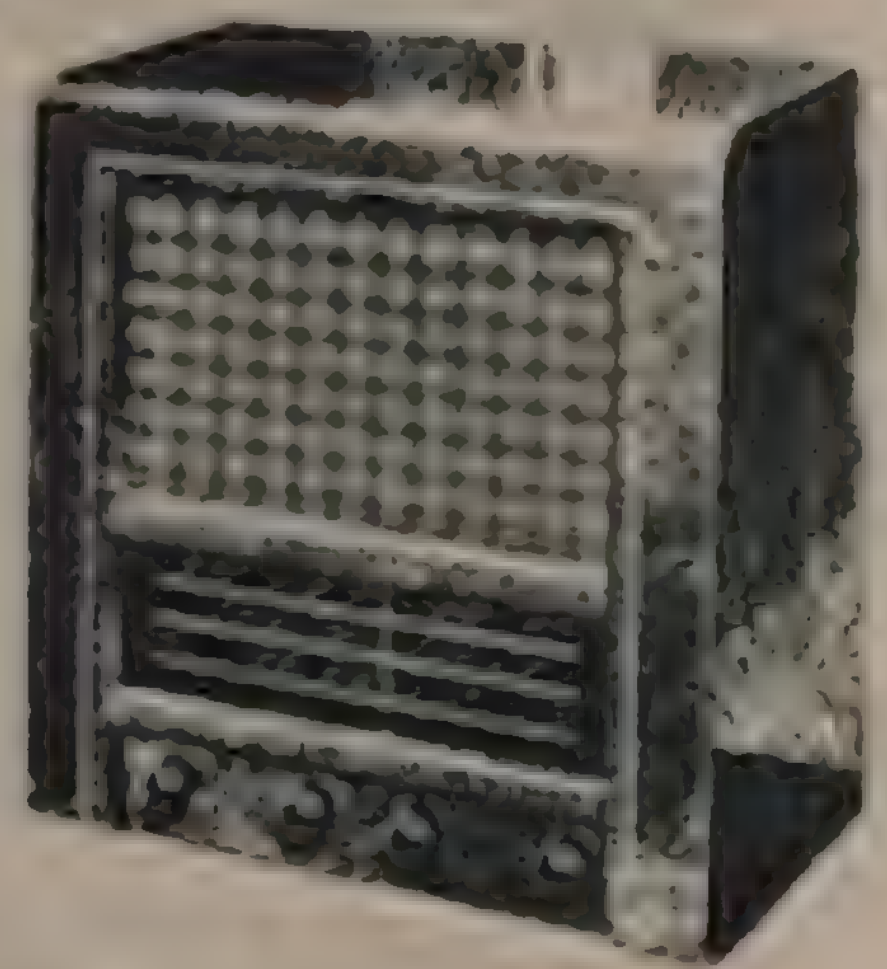

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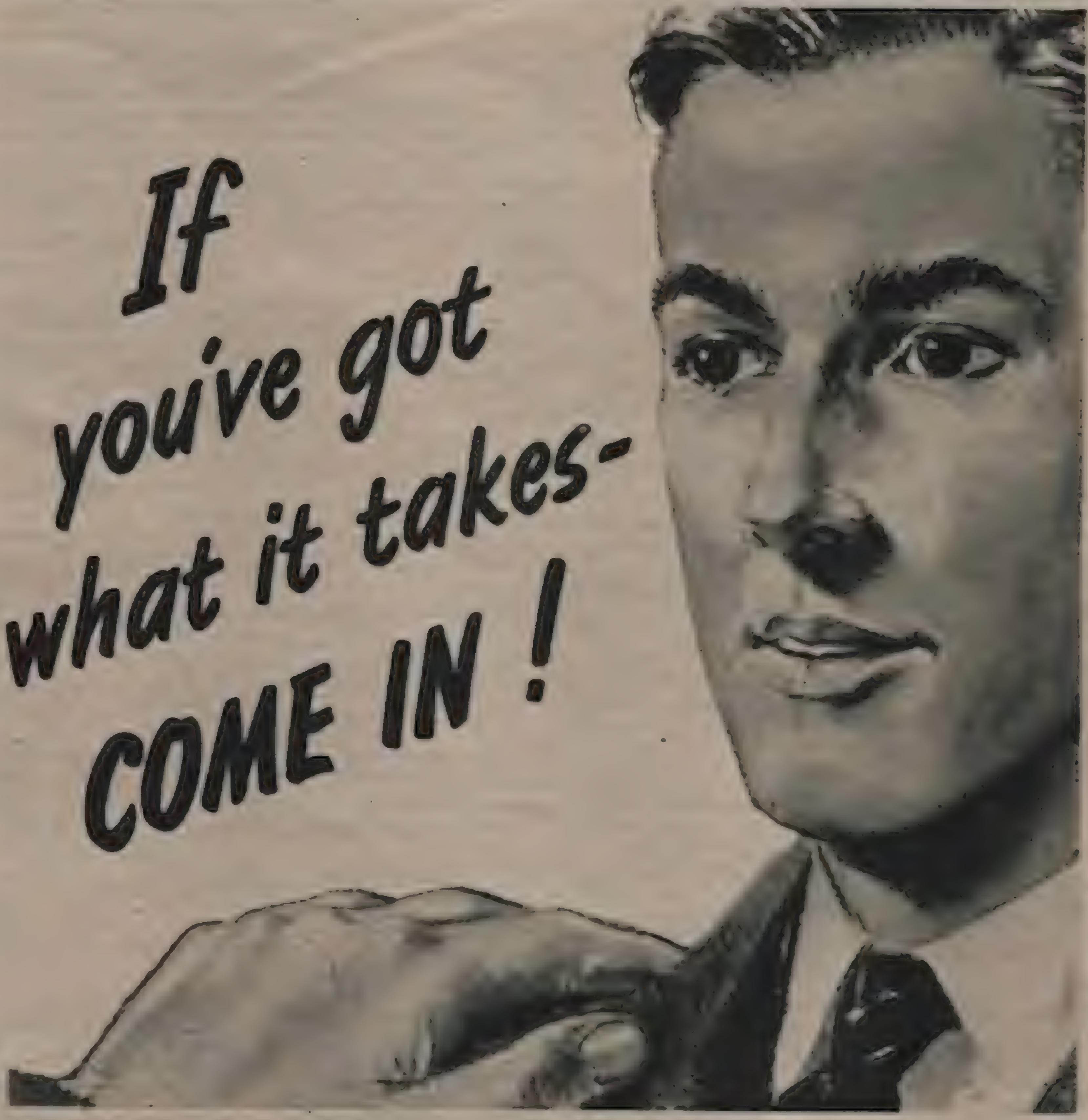
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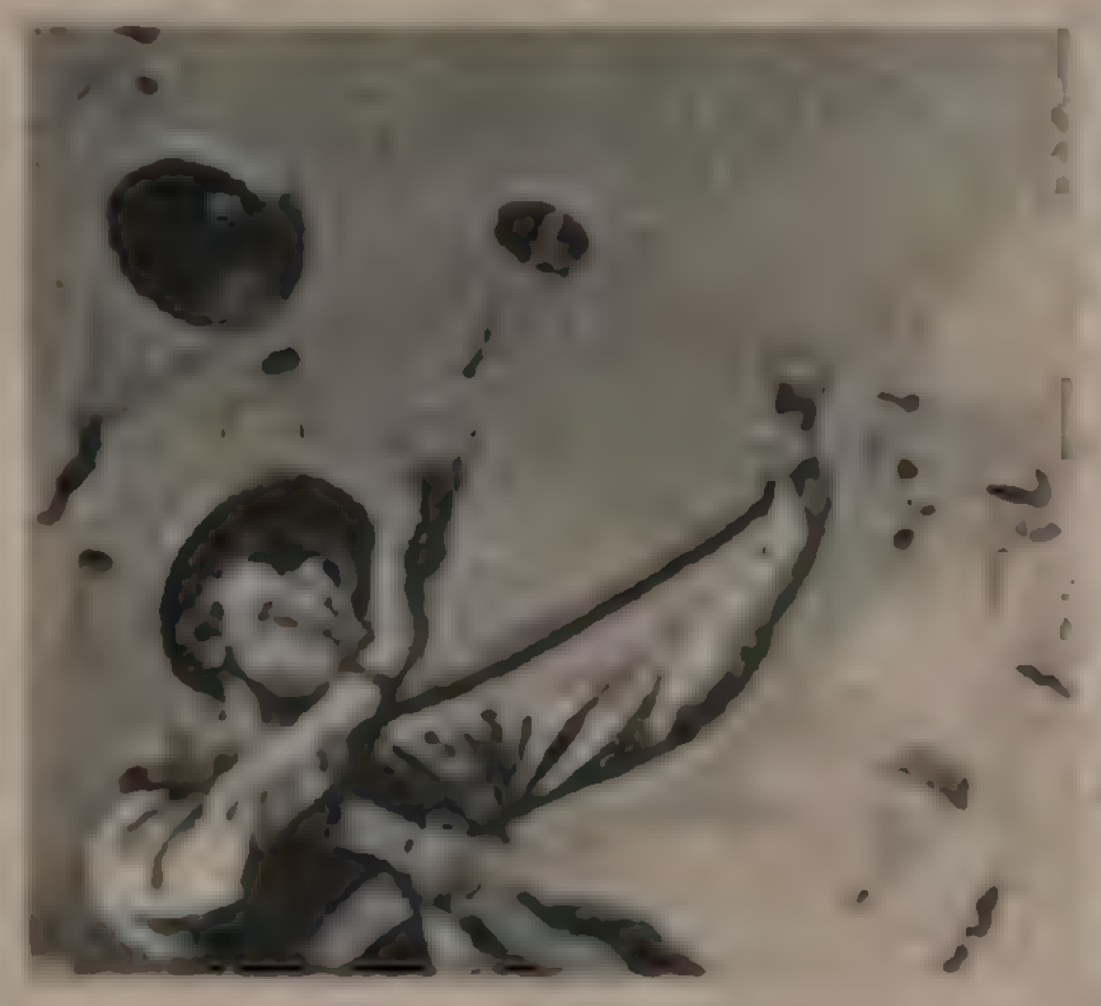
Think you could learn to drive a tank? Of course you could. But could you learn, on top of that, to be what a Tank man *has* to be? First-class wireless operator—in a tank battened down and taking rough country as it comes? First-class machine gunner? Crack shot with a high-velocity 20-pounder? Flame-thrower gunner—with all the technical skill that job demands? Quick, accurate map reader? You could? Well—no promises, for they pick and choose. But they *are* picking their men from chaps like you.

Footslogging? That term's a bit out of date. The infantryman of today has changed with the times. He can drive a fast tracked carrier. He's an expert in the use of the walkie-talkie. He's at home with light and medium machine guns—and portable flame-throwers too. He can shoot fast and shoot straight with every modern infantry weapon, including the anti-tank gun. He's a highly skilled man in a skilled job—where promotion's by merit alone and there's no top limit!



Keen to become a paratrooper? There's plenty you'd have to learn. First and foremost the airborne man is a fighting soldier—with all the skills and techniques of the trained infantryman. On top of that come his own equipment and weapons—the light motor cycle and folding bike that drop with him from aircraft, the jeeps and artillery and carriers that he whips into split-second action as the towed glider bumps and slithers to rest. He's a picked man, of course. Picked for quick thinking, courage, initiative. They're looking for men of that sort at the present moment. They might pick you.

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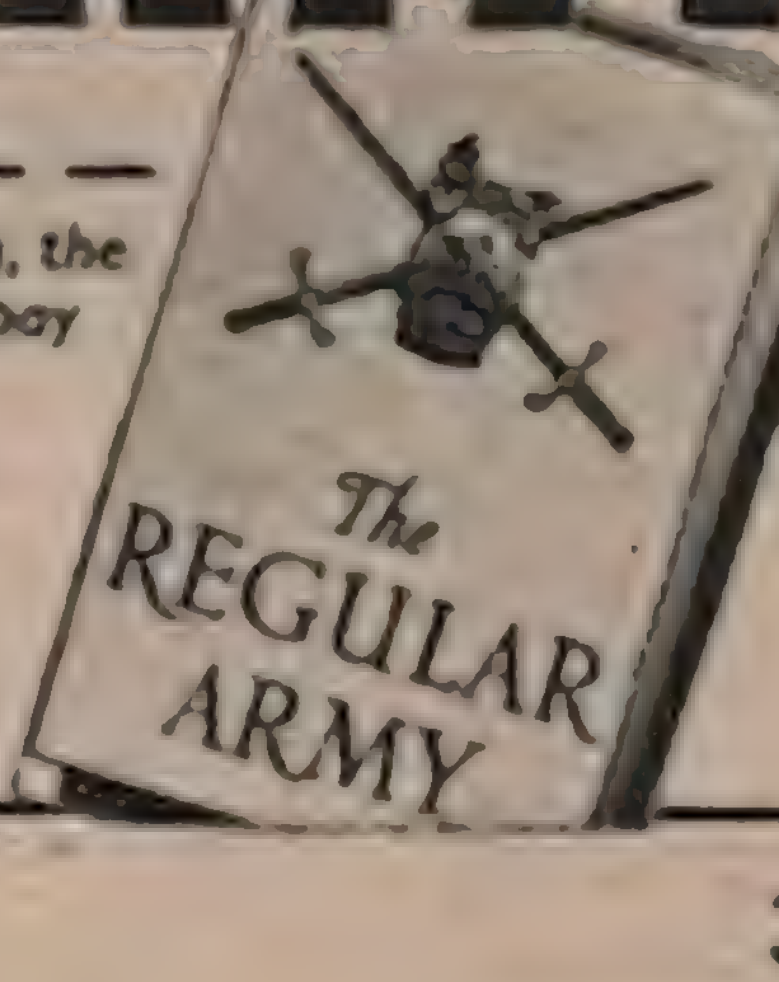

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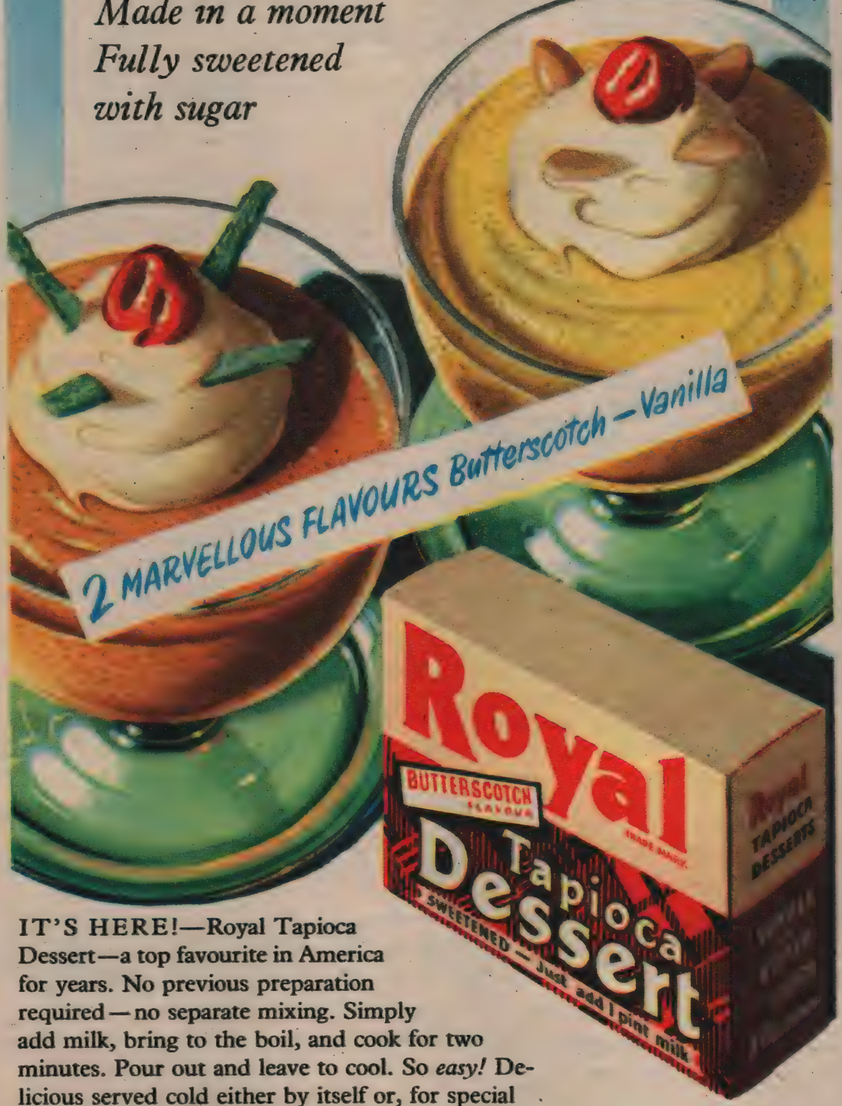
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FELL RACE

Continued from page 14

me, I was flabbergasted. For such a quiet, sensible lad as Joe to brag about a thing like that—it simply didn't make rhyme nor reason. Although we knew he was above the average as a fell-racer, he hadn't the ghost of a hope against George.

George himself voiced our thought. "Tha's gey daft!"

Joe stood there considering him in a stilly, pondering fashion. "Ay? Mebbe. I'll lay tha five poond I beat tha."

George bellowed again. "Nay, 'tis shame to take money."

"Five poond," repeated Joe, and his obstinate, stilly look was oddly impressive.

George emptied his tankard. "If tha maun be a fool," he said, "I'll lay tha ten poond to one."

And that was that. I would have done my best to persuade Joe not to throw his pound down the drain, but something in his expression stopped me.

We finished our drinks, returned to the intake, and separated the flocks. With four hundred sheep ahead of us and our two dogs patrolling either flank, we plodded along the track that curves around Green Tongue back into our dale.

When we reached more open ground, and it was easier to talk, I tackled Joe about his reckless bet. He smiled slightly, and gave a little shrug.

"I'm going to win," he said, in that quiet, serious way.

"But look here, how can you? George is in a class on his own. You know that."

Joe stayed silent. I said: "He could give you thirty yards and beat you."

"Tha'll see."

This confidence of his was bewildering, considering he had been up against George in at least a dozen fell-races in various dales, and had never been able to challenge him.

"There must be something behind this. Come on, Joe, what's the idea?"

"I'm needin' money. I'll be backin' myself for a gey big packet."

"Don't be crazy, man! You'll only lose it. That's no way to save up for a farm." I did my utmost to make him see sense. But he just shook his head, and gave that modest and slightly anxious grin.

THE morning of the Show turned out reasonably promising. The sky was a thin, still grey and scarves of mist trailed lazily over the peaks. Down in the Show field, the hurdled pens were beginning to fill with Herdwicks and Swaledales entered for the various classes, their wool smitted yellow or russet, according to the taste of their proud owners. Small groups of men kept trickling through the gateway. They had come to watch the judging. The full crowd would not be gathered until the afternoon, when all the real excitements took place: the hound-trails, and the fell-racing, and the wrestling.

Racking my brains for a guess at what Joe had up his sleeve, I went across to make a survey of the fell-race course up Dore Rake. Starting from the white tape in the Show field, it crossed a wall, threaded a slope of brackens, and climbed a spongy stretch of moss at a gradient of one in three and a half. That bit alone would have appalled the cross-country runner from the south. Imagine trying to race across a stretch of soft sand, and the muscle-sucking drain of it. Tilt that sand into a steep hill, and you get some idea of the fitness needed by a fell-racer.

Beyond the moss, it veered abruptly to the right, up a sheep-trod at a slope of about one in four, a breath-taking, sinuous line fringed by more boulders and brackens. The sheep-trod ascended in a great curve, finally bending back towards the left, to a tilt of small, naked crags rising to the flagpole where the judges would be standing. It was a devil of a course.

Unlike the competitor in flat-racing, the fell-racer, to a certain extent, may choose his own line of country and isn't much tied by rules or restrictions, provided he rounds the specified summit. But on most of Dore Rake a man would not be able to deviate six inches. That sheep-trod was scarcely two feet wide. A man who attempted to pass would have to plunge in among these flanking, matted brackens, where there were sizable stones close enough together to let an ankle slide down in between and then snap it like a carrot. Anybody who tried to pass would have to be very, very careful.

There was no question of being able to return by an alternative route. To the left of the flagpole and the crags fell a dizzy shoot of scree for something like five hundred feet, down towards the spongy moss. Everybody round here knows Dore Screes. Until recent years, if you had the nerve and the skill, you could run these Screes by digging your heels into the poised carpet of sharp stones, leaning well back, and sliding down hell for leather with the stuff cascading about your feet. It needed strong ankles and strong boots for the job. Latterly, so much of the scree itself has been worn away, leaving smooth, dangerous rock, that dalesmen give it a wide berth. The mildest injury would be broken bones. A man who slipped there might well be pulped into a shapeless mess.

Staring at the course, I knew it was impossible for Joe to win.

The fell-race was timed for three thirty. Just after three, I spotted Joe in the bookies' ring. Though fell-racing is very much a sideline with them, they know all about form, and they were quoting the odds. As I approached Joe, I heard him putting a fiver on himself at ten to one.

I was horrified. He could ill afford to drop five shillings, let alone five pounds. When I started to argue with him, his mouth crinkled into that determined grin, a curious blend of anxiety and decision.

"Nay," he said. "I know what I'm doin'. Let be."

He went off to another bookie, and yet another. In a matter of minutes, he had laid out thirty pounds on himself. There was nothing to be done about it. Feeling he had pushed his farm and his marriage farther off than ever, and pitying him for a young man whose determination had outstripped his common sense, I went back across the field, shinned over the dry-stone wall, and started to scramble up the pebbly bed of a beck. For a general view of a fell-race there is nothing like the Show field itself. But if you want a close-up of desperate strain and agonizing effort, the best spot is half-way up the course. In ten minutes I was perching on a boulder close to the head of the spongy stretch. In another three minutes, the runners in the field below were off, half a dozen young men pelting towards the wall.

George was first over. The initial slope of brackens slowed down his pace a bit. Before he reached the base of the spongy mass, he had a lead of a good five yards. Joe came second. I could see the line, the taut white line of his jawbone and the heaving of his chest.

On the tilted moss, their speed slackened to a scrambling walk. They were bending well forward, hands on knees, their mouths wide. George's breathing, as he passed me, had a jerky but untroubled rhythm. Joe's had a sobbing whine, and his pale eyes were half-glazed, almost sightless. He had done grandly to keep that gap down to five yards, but it was plain he would never overtake George. He had dragged too much out of himself already, and coming down would be a tricky business.

I TURNED my head upwards, watching. George had increased his lead to at least seven yards. Joe's back view had a peculiar stiffness. I got the idea that his vest and shorts had been starched. It was a silly thought, of course, but it was the only explanation I could think of to account for that strange back view.

Now they were on the crags, and using their hands. The gap between George and Joe had widened still more. The third man was five or six yards behind Joe. George was moving with the agility of a monkey.

I sighed. Joe hadn't the flicker of a hope.

Then George was on top, and rounding the flagpole. In a split second, he was on the downward return. I could hear the thudding and scraping of his feet, the chink of small stones on the slide. He was coming down in the true style of the fell-racer, leaping from crag to crag with his feet together, to avoid the risk of rupture. He was clear of the crags and had reached the upper riband of the sheep-trod when Joe rounded the pole. To all intents and purposes, the race was over. I could imagine Joe tearing his gasping heart out, all to no purpose, and I felt infinitely sorry for him. To him, winning would have meant near-Paradise. To George, it would be merely another comfortable victory.

George was moving magnificently down the sheep-trod, in great strides and bounds. What happened next turned me cold, and brought an audible gasp from the judges high up there on the summit. Rounding the flag, Joe swung to his right and, instead of dropping to the crags, deliberately launched himself over the dizzy lip of Dore Screes.

FOR a moment, I thought he had gone crazy. There was something fascinating and awful about watching his upright body bobbing face outwards against that treacherous tilt of stones.

At least he knew what he was doing. He had stuck out his heels, thrown his shoulders backwards. He had turned himself into a human toboggan. He was lying on his shoulders and back and buttocks, whizzing down at a fearful speed. It made me sick to look at him. If the weight of his upper half pulled him out of the perpendicular, he would get his head cracked open or his face ripped to jelly.

Like soap, he slithered across the smooth surface of rock, shot down among another patch of scree, where the sharp little stones came pouring with him, and landed up on the head of the spongy stretch. The impact made a kind of hollow, squelching noise. He lurched to his knees, stood up, came at a staggering run past me, down the tilted moss. The back of his vest and the back of his shorts were smeared with blood. Marvelling, I saw him go running down, a certain winner unless he collapsed before reaching the tape. That murderous slide had put him fifty yards ahead of George.

I started to descend, never taking my eyes off that dwindling figure. For that, I paid with a stubbed toe and a knee savagely pricked by whins. It was worth it. Joe stayed the course. He left blood smears on the wall as he scrambled over. He staggered up to the tape, passed it, and fell plop on the grass, while the crowd yelled their heads off.

When I got down there, Joe was sitting up and grinning in a wincing fashion. George, a bad second, was squatting anxiously by his side. He was saying: "Ay, tha's won, an' by heck! tha deserved to!" He stared at the reddened vest and shorts. "But tha's cut thasel to bits, lad."

"Nay, I'm nay hurt over much. Few scratches, mebbe, no more."

George's eyes goggled. "A few scratches!"

"Ay." Joe gave a shaky but contented laugh, and pulled at the neck of his vest. "Look doon there."

George looked inside the neck of the vest and goggled once more.

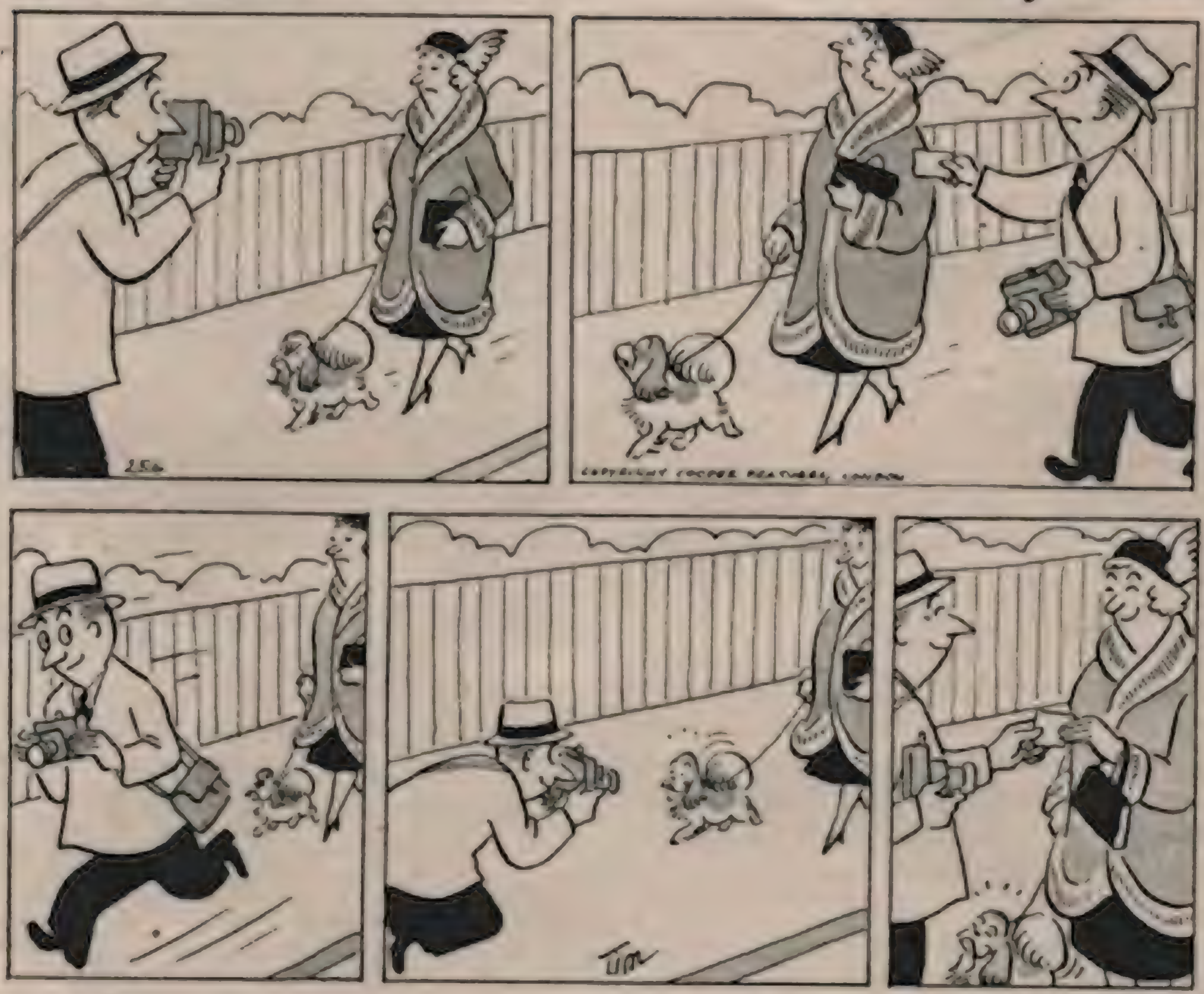
"Leather!"

"Ay, an' more inside my pants. Shootin' down Screes was only way I could win." Joe grinned. "Had to risk breakin' neck. But I didn't want to lose backsaide."

THE END

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



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SECRETS OF A HOLLYWOOD MAKE-UP MAN

Continued from page 17

actors appeared on film as if they were wearing masks. Max solved the problem by creating a new make-up material that was so thin it had to be packed in containers like toothpaste tubes. There were twelve shades, which was more than double the number available in stick grease-paint.

Factor was also shrewd enough to realize that the sale of make-up to the film industry was going to be only one side of the business. While creating his new cosmetics he crusaded against the practice current in the motion picture industry of using wigs made from any material at hand. He wanted Grade A human hair, handcrafted by Factor, used instead of straw, wood shavings, Spanish moss and wool.

Young Max watched his father apply make-up to the early stars. He saw Gloria Swanson transformed into a dramatic actress with the aid of a new coiffure. And he had a ringside seat at the feud between Mary Pickford and Mary Miles Minter.

Mary Miles Minter and Mary Pickford were both young, blonde and equipped with long golden curls. At a glance, they resembled each other to a remarkable degree. "This," Factor recalls, "was something Mary Miles Minter's mother couldn't stand. She endeavoured to convince my father that he should persuade Mary Pickford to become a brunette. My father very smartly refused to become party to any such dangerous projects. Finally, he sold Mother Minter on the idea that her daughter would look well in a unique semi-adult hair-style which he designed, and which in no way resembled the Pickford curls."

Battle With Pola Negri

In contrast to the diplomacy displayed in this situation, the elder Factor handled some temperamental stars by simply out-bellowing them. "I remember the screaming temperament displayed by Pola Negri," his son says. "According to Pola, everything my father did to beautify her for pictures was wrong. Pola screamed her opinions on the subject and threatened to throw things to emphasize her ideas.

"My father," Factor declares, "ordinarily a very quiet and patient man, screamed back at Pola in her native tongue and threatened to throw even heavier objects. From then on, they became great friends."

Life for the Factors grew to be even more complicated when the Beery brothers, Wallace and Noah, began their screen careers. One day Noah, who had been cast in a minstrel show sequence, bought some black face make-up. Brother Wally, hearing of this, slipped into Noah's dressing-room and substituted a jar of very durable shoe-blacking for the removable cosmetic.

"When Noah finished his day's filming," Factor recalls, "he discovered that cold cream utterly failed to remove his black face disguise. He stormed into our studio, announcing that he intended to beat my father up and then sue him. Even now I can clearly see my father with a look of desperation, opening a jar of his own black make-up, industriously smearing it all over his own face and removing it at once with cold cream. Once my father had established his innocence, it took Wallace no time at all to find the culprit. The Beery brothers weren't on speaking terms for two months."

Rudolph Valentino was a much less obstreperous client than the Beery brothers, but on one occasion he got on the elder Factor's nerves to such an extent that Max senior put the star to work mixing pigments. Valentino was understandably concerned about the effects of the early film make-up on his dark olive skin. Screen tests had shown him as a man with an unprepossessing pallor and Valentino came to Max Factor for a make-up that would not make him look so cadaverous.

LIVING LANGUAGE

by George Beardmore

WHY do we say "playing fast and loose?" According to one explanation this saying comes from archery.

During a contest an archer who was about to shoot would shout "Fast!"—a warning to spectators to stand fast or stay where they were. A careless bowmen would *loose* his shaft before his warning could take effect. Playing fast and loose has thus come to mean saying one thing and doing another —or being irresponsible.

The search for the proper cosmetic took several days of experiment, and Valentino, a very worried young man, established daytime residence in the cosmetic studio. Finally, his silent, motionless presence so unnerved Factor that he set Valentino to work grinding pigments. With the actor employed at saving his own skin, a formula was soon devised—one that probably played an important part in Valentino's career.

Young Max was usually the one to whom grinding and mixing chores were assigned. As the business expanded, this work was done in the family garage and the thirteen-year-old Max cranked the mixers for twenty-five cents an hour.

"I finally solved this problem," Factor says, "by hiring other little boys to do the cranking at fifteen cents an hour. When my father became aware of this work-dodging he immediately put a stop to it and accused me of exploiting child labour. Then he laughed and suggested that we should go shopping for a little electric motor to hitch to the mixers and grinders."

Emancipated from grinding, young Max began to learn the art of applying make-up. One of his first subjects was Jack Holt, who appeared at the Factor studio with his co-star, the canine hero, Rin-Tin-Tin. "The dog star was very fond of Holt," Factor says. "Naturally, Rin-Tin-Tin was standing near his master when I stepped in to smooth make-up over Holt's face. Either because he didn't approve of me or because he mistook the procedure for something sinister, the dog bit me in the calf. Once again, I suffered for my art."

As the number of cinema clients increased, the Factors began considering cosmetics for the ordinary woman. The time seemed ripe. It was during the period of the first World War, when women were beginning to ignore Victorian strictures on make-up, and to forget the quaint Puritan statute that annulled a marriage if the wife had, in courtship, deceived or misled her husband by using cosmetics.

Although the word "make-up" was frowned on for anything but theatrical use, Max Factor decided to adopt it on his line of social cosmetics. The range included such items as eye-shadow and eyebrow pencils, which had never been offered to women before. The make-up came in a range of shades instead of in the traditional three tones of white, pink or flesh. Factor prescribed cosmetics in a colour-harmony classification toned to the shade of hair and skin.

Jean Harlow Brought Change

The colour-harmony principle was upset when Jean Harlow introduced platinum blonde hair. The Factors had to create a fresh range of cosmetics to harmonize with this vivid hair-style. Platinum blondes made their début as the result of the introduction of panchromatic film. In the early days of motion pictures, orthochromatic film was used and in photographing Mary Pickford and Mae Murray, cameramen actually had to use special filters to soften the glare from their blonde tresses. Panchromatic film made possible much more natural and delicate variations of light and shade, and it definitely favoured blondes.

Talking pictures arrived the night Hollywood saw and heard Al Jolson in *The Jazz Singer*. The Factors, father and son, were there. "It seems," says Factor, "my father and I were the only ones connected with motion pictures who weren't worried. The fact that players were going to talk on the screen could not affect make-up, we decided. How wrong we were! Before long the business threatened to collapse around our ears."

The Factors' dilemma arose from the changes in lights and films. Carbon arc lights used in making silent pictures spluttered too much for the sound cameras. Tungsten lamps, giant counterparts of the

---

JOHN BULL COVERS AS BIRTHDAY CARDS

SOME of JOHN BULL's most popular covers have been reproduced in full colour as birthday cards (size 6¼ in. by 5¼ in.). The cards, made by Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., are now on sale at newsagents, stationers and stores throughout the country at 10d. each. Six of the JOHN BULL cover paintings selected are by Douglas L. Mays: "Little Boy and Girl in the Woods," "The Kids Help in the Kitchen," "Passing the Buck," "A Quiet Game of Cards," "Tossing the Pancake" and "Little Girl Making Up." Two paintings are by Tim: "Boxer Puppy and Telephone" and "Boxer Puppy, Kitten and Bone." William Showell's "Boy and Hyacinth" and Yates Wilson's "Christening of the Sailor's Baby" have also been reproduced.

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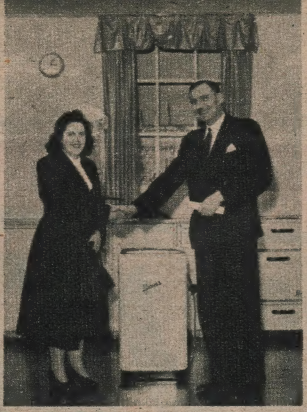

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Above, Mrs. D. Blythe happily at work in her *Bullets* Ideal Kitchen at 64 Poitiers Road, Cheylesmore, Coventry; right, she's receiving the washing machine which it included

"WHAT those four words have done for me is almost unbelievable!" Those were the words of Mrs. D. Blythe last spring, following a £750 plus Ideal Kitchen First Prize with her *Bullet*: MY GARDEN—FROM *My* WINDOW—MY!

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A fine roasting fowl accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Our World
For Security
To Please Stalin
Barriers
Princess Spring
Good News
It's Time That
Undermined
He's A Z Man, So
Running Amok
Up And Up
Boy With A Future
Cast-iron Certainty
We Do Our Best, But
In Her Kitchen
Darling Of The Gods
At The Pictures
Village Ballerina
Knocked Sideways
Crippled The Bookie

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Dad And His.........................
One For The.........................
In Gaitskell's.........................
"I Can't.........................It!"
.........................Kind
One Look At.........................And

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,774 (or Xword 726), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated April 7, and in JOHN BULL, dated April 14, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

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FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Surprise Gift: G. H. Bruty, 13 The Brent, Dartford, Kent:

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£25: Mrs. E. Mitchell, 59 Leighton Road, Cheltenham: BATHROOM BARITONE—GAVE "SALLY" TOWELLING, TOO!

OTHER AWARDS: £10: Mrs. S. E. Munro, 16 Clifton Road, Parkstone, Dorset: BATTLE FOR COAL—"DING-DONG"—AND MEANWHILE, TICK-TOCK! £9: R. Ingram, 150 Cathedral Road, Cardiff: TO BE HAPPY—HOSTESS ON EIGHTPENNYWORTH, BRITANNIA? £8: A. E. Tomkinson, 38 Astley Road, Handsworth, Birmingham: STRANGE NEW WORLD—*Sam* SOON DISCOVERING—AUSTERITY'S? £7: R. Nayland, Flat D, 42 Palace Road, Streatham Hill, S.W.2: THE PEACE DOVE—ELUSIVE, SO *I'm* "GRABBED." £6: Mrs. N. Moroney, New Haven, Winchester Road, Four Marks, Alton: MADE FOR FLEXIBILITY—NOT THOSE "RUBBER STAMPS." £5: Mrs. L. Pearce, 140 Brynglas Road, Newport, Mon: IVAN AND OLGA—WHAT STALIN'S "COURTING" THREATENS. £5: W. Walford, 32 Stowe Avenue, Millhouses, Sheffield: BLUE IN THE FACE—DAD—SWALLOWED A *Sleigh-bell!*

For ten winners of £2 10s. see *"Bullets" Bulletin.*

50 Prizes of Johnny-Baskets and 2,000 new "Good Shot" Prizes have also been dispatched.

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FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues **XWORD 726**

1. Violent storm at sea causes heavy this
3. One asks for it
5. Things are not healthy in a family where there is bad this
8. May possibly be attributed to underfeeding or overfeeding
11. These aren't easily moved
12. May be spent before new production has completed rehearsals
13. One often gets pretty hot
14. Shakespeare's is an impressive one

Down Clues

2. It's a blunder when jockey lets steeplechaser do this too soon
3. Many a good record goes in one
4. A plane is easily distinguished by
6. A man who has these is vulnerable to the arrows of misfortune
7. These are usually concerned with locomotion
9. A poet's best work is done when he is this
10. You may well not be certain of its length until you measure it

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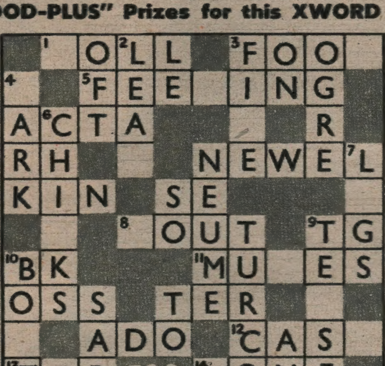
587

£100 and "FOOD-PLUS" Prizes for this XWORD

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.) and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated March 31.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.



CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
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(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and Form strictly copyright **726** Closing Postmark MONDAY, Mar. 19

I enclose P.O. value...... No..............
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domestic electric light bulb, were introduced. Tungsten lamps led to the introduction of panchromatic film. "When the cameramen solved their problem of lighting and film," Factor says, "they made every item in the Max Factor motion picture cosmetic line out of date."

New lights and new film, combined with the old-style cosmetics, made the actors look dark and muddy. The basic ingredients of motion-picture make-up had to be changed. It took the Factors five months of laboratory experiment to find a solution. Incidentally, as the result of the new make-up, lighting and film, blondes burst out all over the place.

As film gentlemen began to prefer blondes, the Factors prepared a few more tricks. They increased the blondeness of the hair by using make-up colours darker than the natural skin. The same reasoning lies behind the fact that actors are usually made up two shades darker than actresses. Comedians also make use of contrast; Stan Laurel makes himself appear a little more bewildered by using a make-up lighter than that applied to his partner, Oliver Hardy.

Such a simple device is often the basis of the most complicated make-up, even that of creating a Frankenstein monster, which involves a four-hour ordeal for the actor. The original choice for the monster was Bela Lugosi, but this veteran horror-monger could not stand the prolonged make-up process. After two days of remaining still for four hours while make-up artists worked over him, Lugosi became a near-nervous wreck. The film was almost abandoned—and then Boris Karloff appeared. His nerves stood up to the strain and he became famous.

Tricking The Audience

For dramatic effects, Factor also stocks such amusing gadgets as capsules filled with liquid chocolate. Actors hold the capsules between their teeth. When the villain punches them in the jaw, the capsule breaks and the liquid trickles slowly from the mouth. Screen audiences see it as a bloody mouth. There is a mixture of water and light oil for artificial perspiration; the size of the drops can be controlled by an atomizer. For tears, Factor recommends menthol fumes blown into the eyes or mild eyewash applied directly from an eye-dropper. For a slow, heavy flow of tears glycerine is supplied. Tattooing is done by rubber stamp or stencil. Double chins are built up from cotton wool, and scars formed from nose putty or collodion.

Some of the tricks go back to the days of the Romans, who used cosmetics on their knees and the soles of their feet. Some of them come fresh from Max Factor's laboratory. "Can you wonder," says Factor, "that this business intrigues me even more than it did forty years ago?" THE END

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

JOHN BULL'S team of experts will advise readers on their problems, including queries on holiday travel. All inquiries, other than medical, should be addressed to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

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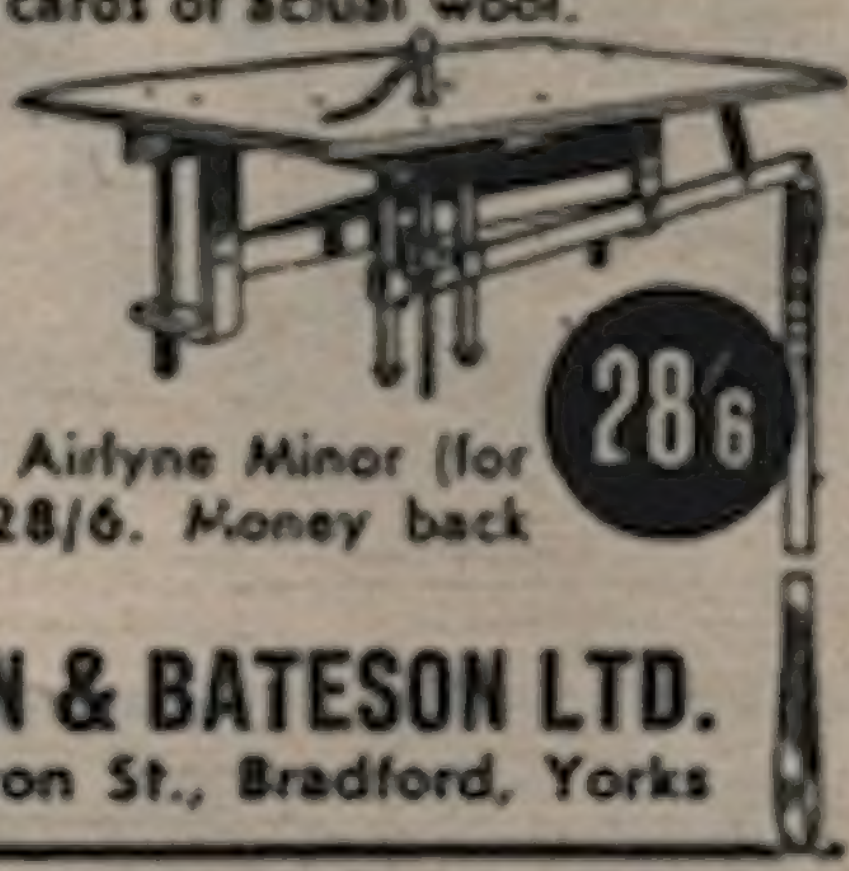

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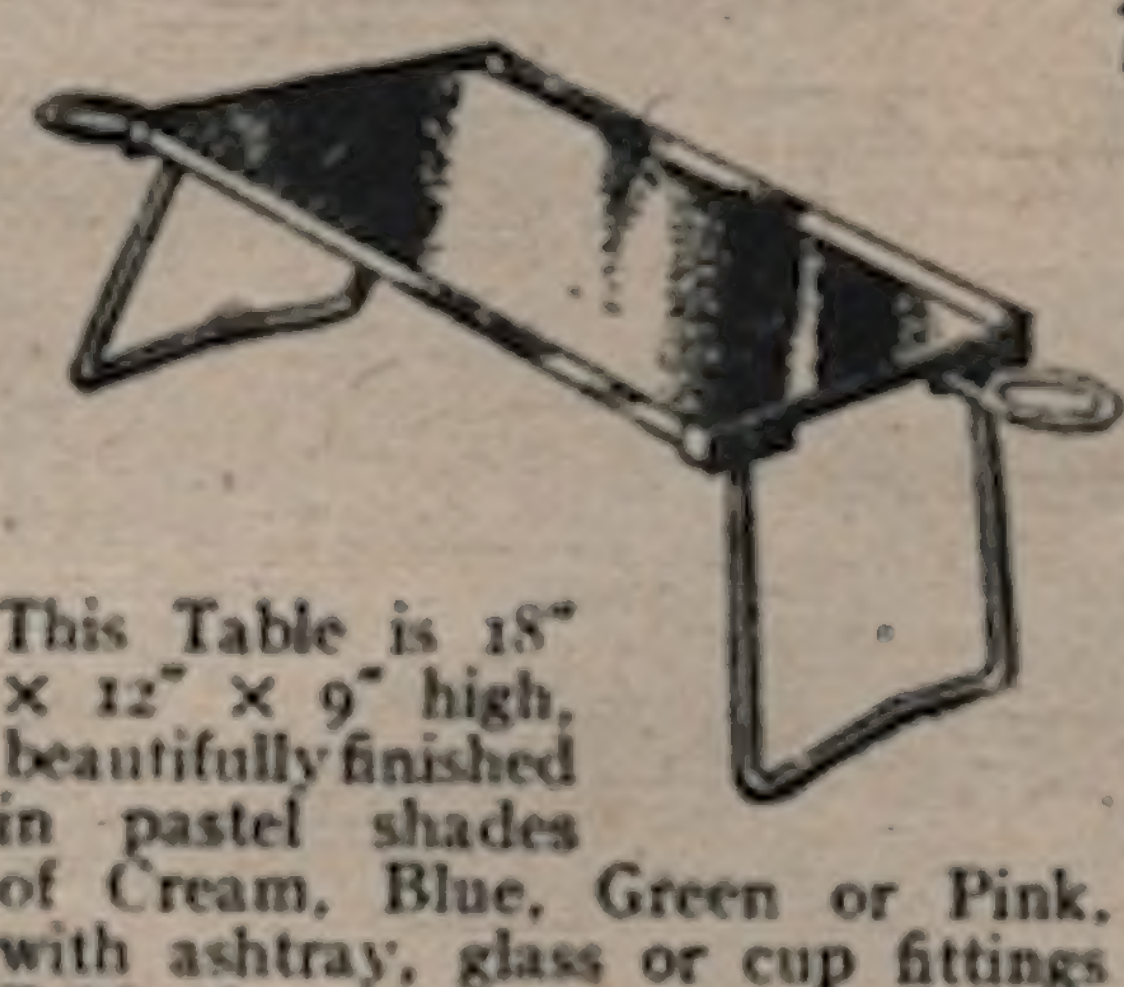

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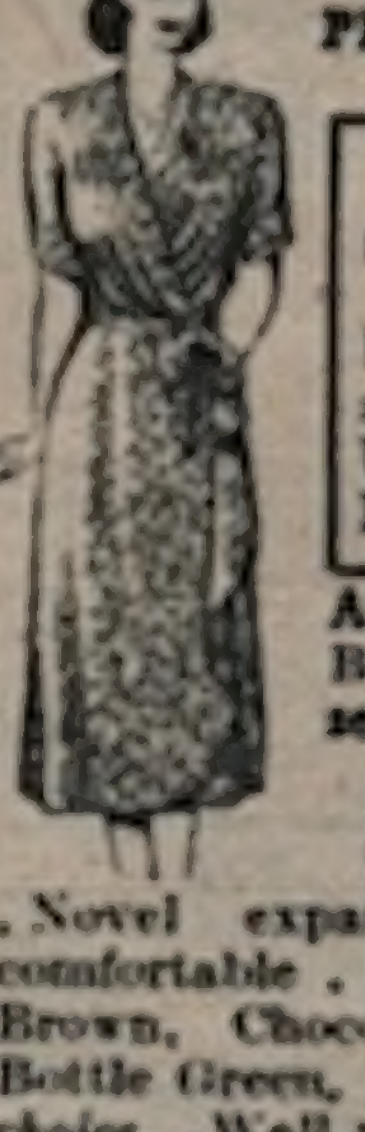

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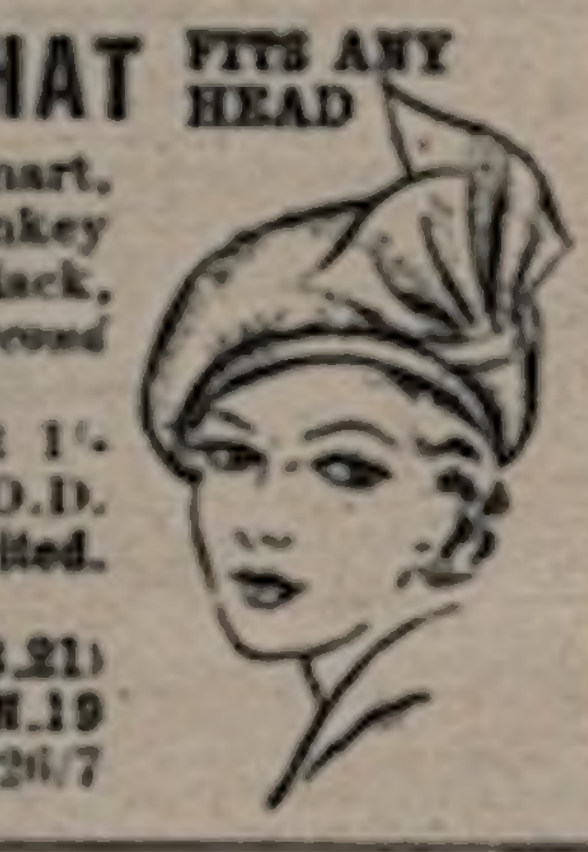

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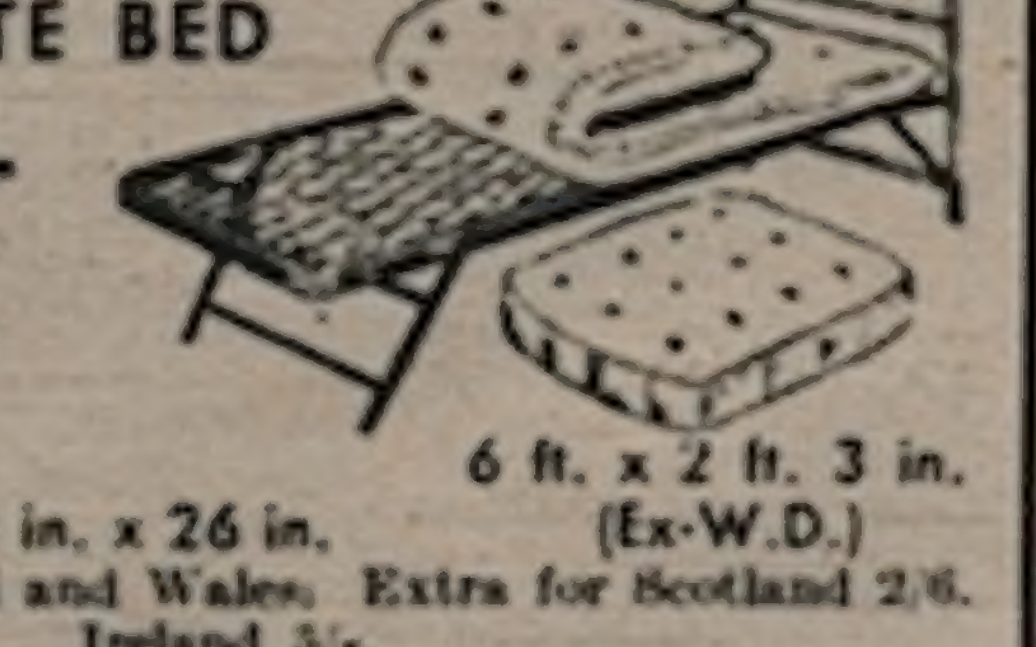

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Finished in Green or Cream. Double door Cabinet. Fitted towel rail. 4ft. x 2ft. x 16in. Plus 5/- Carriage. **65/-**

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Every pair guaranteed to be perfectly and scientifically **reconditioned** at our own Factory. Specially-treated and re-blocked to give the appearance and hard wear equal to any new boot. Exported by us to all parts of the world. **Ideal for HEAVY WORKERS, the GARDEN and all OUT-DOOR WORK.**

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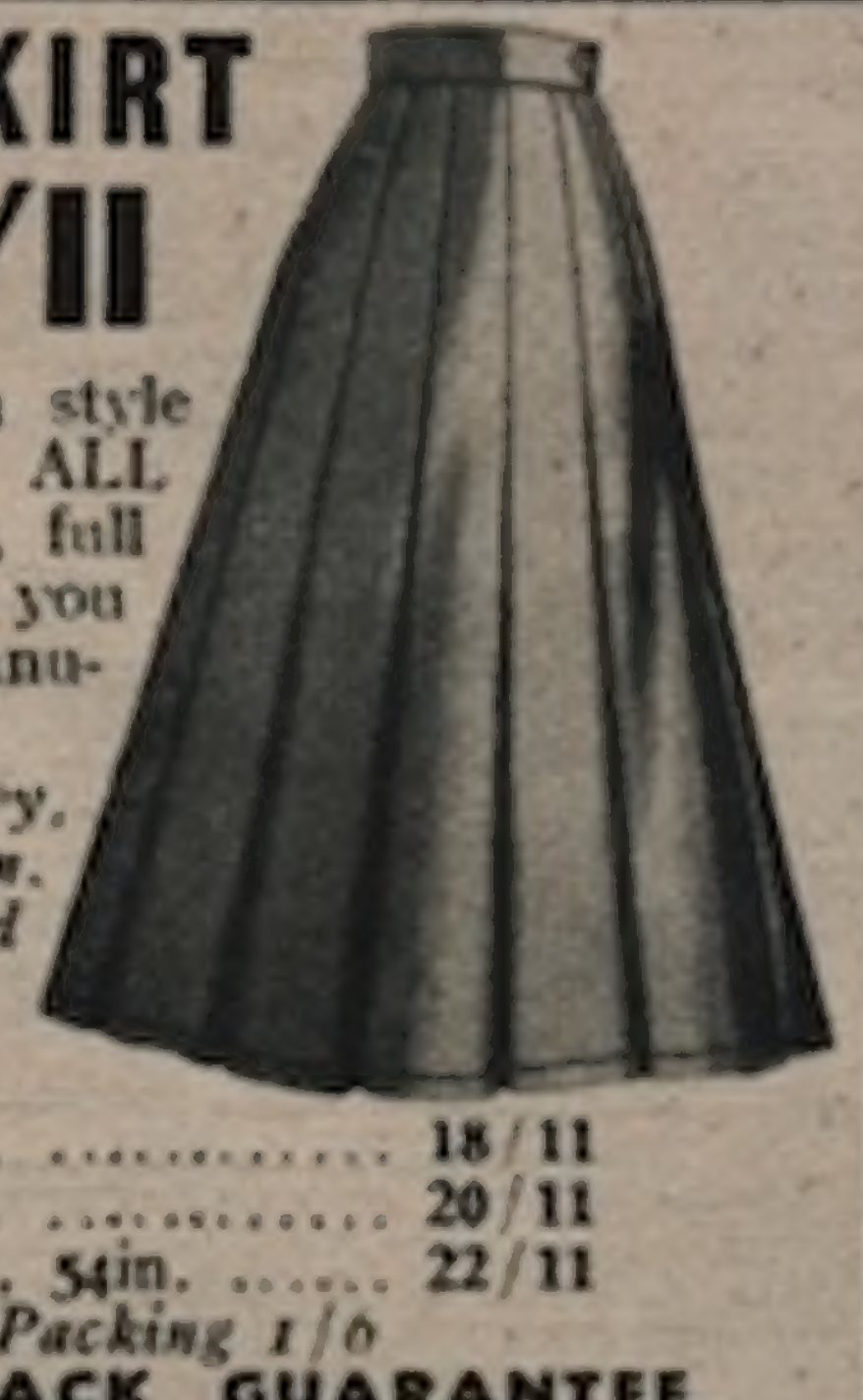

An attractive American style skirt in super-quality ALL wool material, 12 gores, full FLARED—direct to you from the actual manufacturers.

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36in., 38in., 40in.	18/11
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FULL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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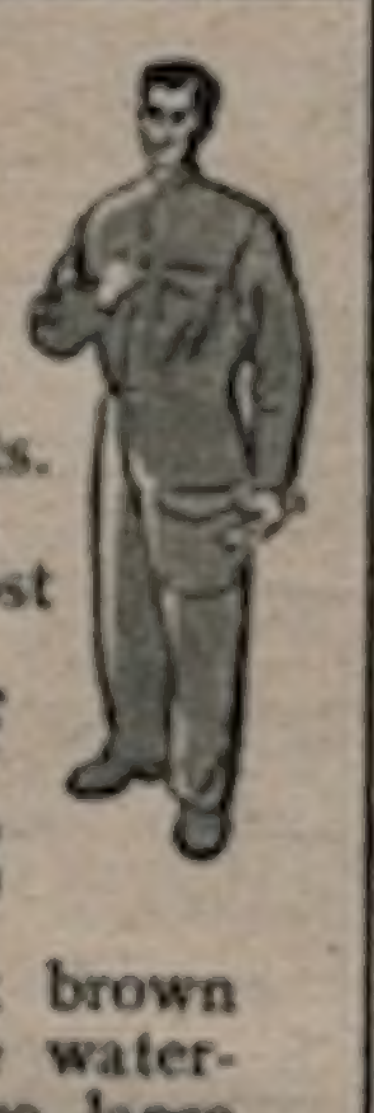

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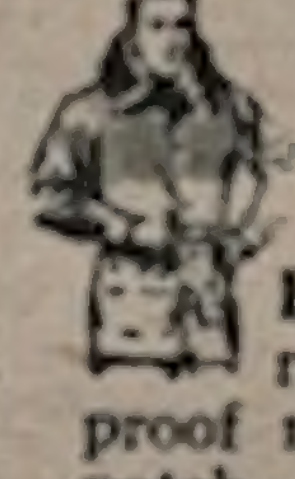

Brand New. Outer heavy dark brown rayon, reinforced double texture waterproof material on back and chest, two large patch pockets (additional to sketch shown), inner lining rayon quilted kapok, full length open end zip and real fur storm collar, all round belt. Small, Medium and Large sizes. **47/6** plus 2/6 post

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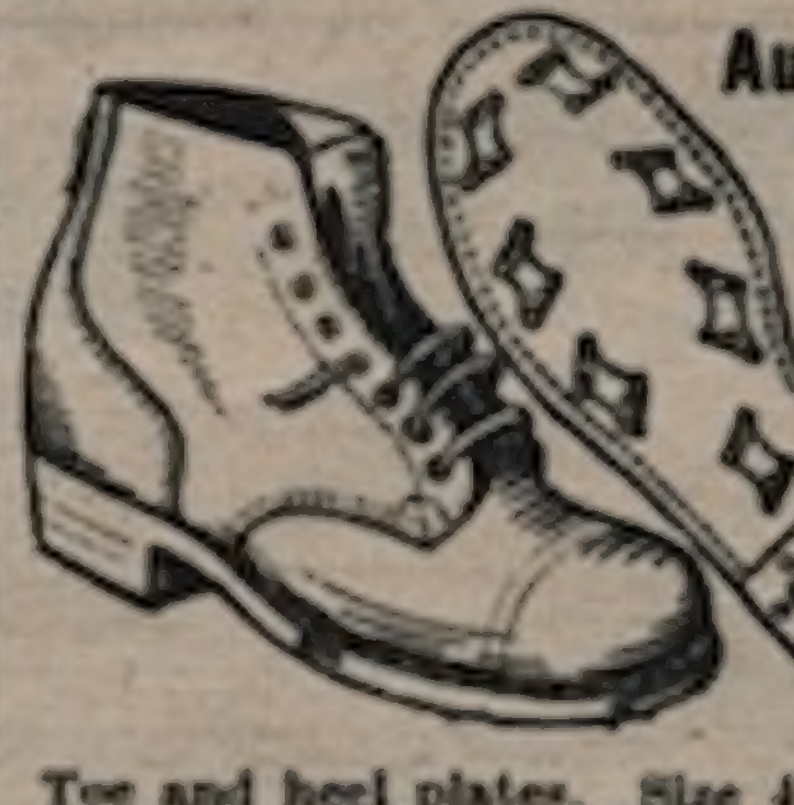

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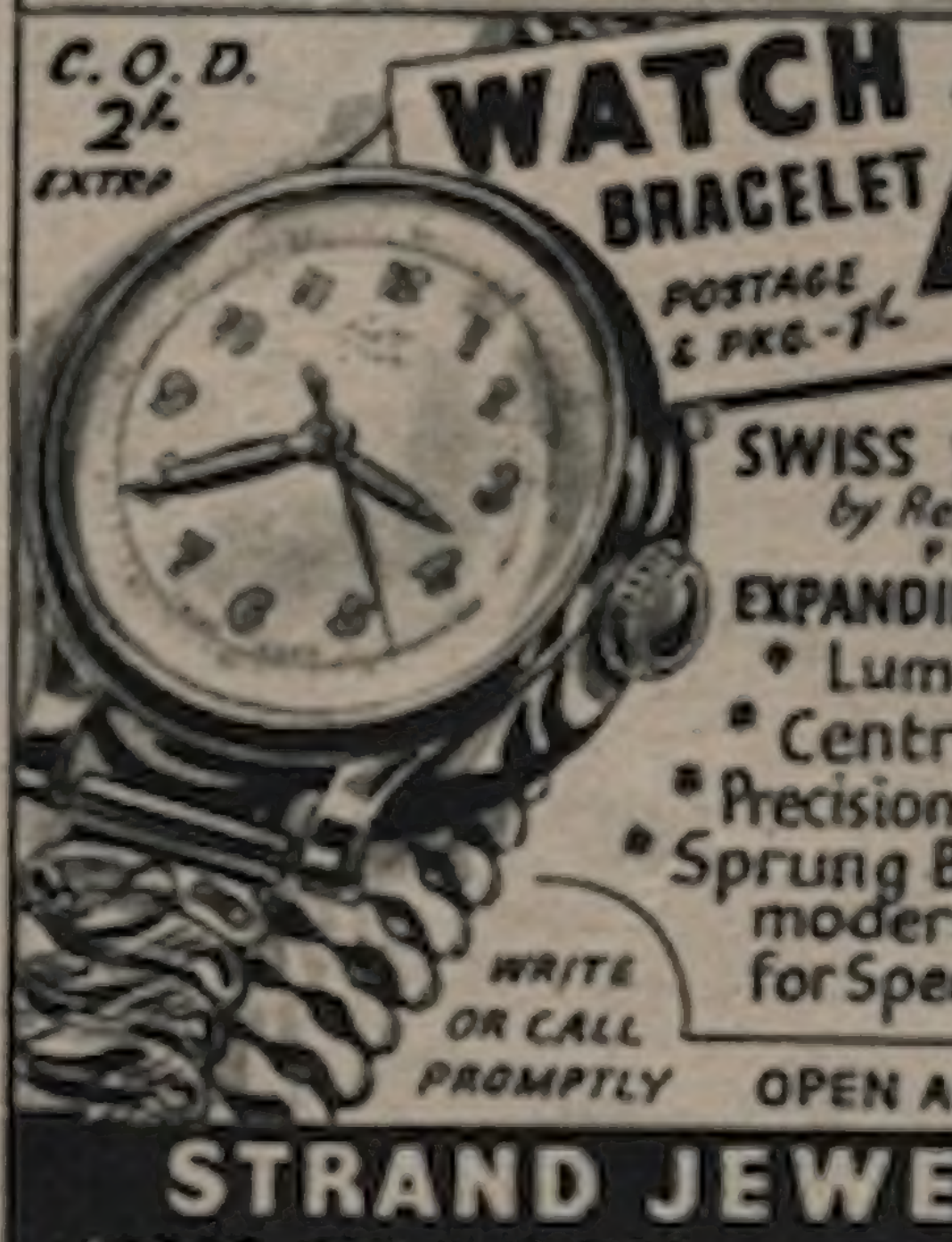

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